THE

# WORKS

OF

# Dr. Edward Young.

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REVISED and CORRECTED by Himself.

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MDCCLXXIX.

BRITISH MUSEUM

# A VINDICATION OF PROVIDENCE: OR, A TRUE ESTIMATE OF HUMAN LIFE.

IN WHICH THE

PASSIONS

ARE

Considered in a New Light.

# VINDICATION

OF

PROVIDENCE

OR A

TRUE ESTIMATE

OF

HUMAN LIFE

IN WHICH THE

OBJECTIONS

Considered in a New Light.

TO THE

# QUEEN.

MADAM,

IF the following diſcourſe is as happy in its execution, as it is important in its deſign, it will not be (give me leave to ſay) altogether unworthy of a royal patronage.

The deſign is of great conſequence, and I think new: it is to remove a prevailing and inveterate miſtake, which firſt ſprang, and now thrives, in a ſoil too indulgent to it; and a ſoil too difficultly ſubdued; the pride, and ill-nature, and melancholy, and vice, of mankind. I mean, Madam, that falſe opinion, that reflection on Providence, "That this world is, in its own nature, that is, by "God's appointment, a world of ſorrow, a ſcene of "miſery, a vale of tears; and that, to be in it, is to be "wretched unavoidably." Whereas this treatiſe ſhall endeavour to make it manifeſt, that Providence is not only gracious in the compoſition, ſtudious of the accommodation, preventive of the accidents, corrective of the miſtakes, and liberal to the wants, but laviſh alſo to the luxuries, of man; and that God does not only permit but enable us, and not only enable but enjoin us, to be happy; happy, to a much greater degree than we are, that is, than we chuſe to be.

Nor is that error I combat, an error of the vulgar, unlearned, or ſinful, only: but the learned, wiſe, and

good, have fatally contributed their ſacred authority towards the propagation and eſtabliſhment of it: either through inadvertency, or the reſentment of preſent pain, or an indiſcreet though well-intended zeal in the recommendation of a better world.

Moſt of them have, as it were caſually, let fall from their pens, which purſued ſome other principal point, too ſevere and unguarded intimations to the diſcredit of our preſent ſtate: many have made an invective on this life, a general drift that mingled itſelf in all their diſcourſes and converſations: and ſome have made it their particular theme; and avowedly, determinately, and ſtrictly, drove at this very point; without adjoining the true cauſes, the proper cures, the right uſes, and ſalutary effects, of our misfortunes and pains; and thus have left grounds of future argument againſt the goodneſs, and thrown a preſent cloud over the glory, of the great Diſpoſer of events, the King of time, and of eternity.

Let, Madam, one of his moſt ſhining repreſentatives on earth patronize and vindicate a vindication of His providence; let one of the principal ornaments of human life indulge a true eſtimate of it; let her graciouſly defend a refutation of an error which flows from a decay of that faith, of which our dread ſovereign is the great defender; and which leads to a corruption of that morality, of which her own correct conduct is the diſtinguiſhed glory. Let that Queen, who is nearly concerned in the ſad occaſion that turned my thoughts on this ſubject, take it into her protection; her protection will recommend it to the world, and her example will ſupply the defects of this compoſition on it.

And,

And, Madam, as your example will aſſiſt me, ſo that good Providence, whoſe ways I preſume to aſſert, grant, that your fortune may too! That your moſt ſacred majeſty, from this joyful and unclouded morning of your reign, may ſhine forth a long and illuſtrious day, as an unanſwerable inſtance of temporal happineſs, and an unqueſtionable heir of eternal, is the conſtant and fervent prayer of,

MADAM,

*Your Majeſty's moſt obedient,*

*And moſt dutiful ſubject,*

E. YOUNG.

# THE PREFACE.

I KNOW not well why, but the paſſions are a favourite ſubject with mankind. The reaſon may poſſibly be, becauſe men are much concerned with them, both as to themſelves and others; and where we have a ſelf-concern, we have an attention: or, becauſe they are ſuch powerful and univerſal ſprings, that almoſt all the pleaſures, pains, deſigns and actions of life are owing to them; and therefore it is our intereſt to know them well: or, becauſe every man carrying them in his own breaſt, he thinks he knows them well already, and is therefore an able judge of ſuch compoſitions; and thus his pride has a fondneſs for them: or, becauſe the paſſions, like the boy at the fountain, fall in love with their own repreſentation: or, becauſe many are all paſſion; and if men conſider a treatiſe on the paſſions as a hiſtory of themſelves, it is no wonder they read it with pleaſure: or, becauſe what a moſt celebrated ancient writ on this ſubject is loſt, to the great regret of the learned and polite world, which is ſtudious of ſome reparation of that loſs; and the more ſo, becauſe what other ancients have left on that head, is imperfect and ſhort.

Being ſenſible how difficult it is to gain attention for works of Divinity, I have inſiſted more on the paſſions than any other head of the following diſcourſe; in

in hopes of a more welcome reception prepared for it, by that general taſte or diſpoſition of heart, which I have mentioned. I have marked the diſtinctions and peculiarities of the paſſions, with ſome care.

A French author has treated of them with ſuch accuracy and applauſe, that it conciliated to him the particular favour of a celebrated Queen, who wept for the death of the author of that piece, though ſhe had never ſeen the man.

But he had a wrong bias on him through the whole, to the prejudice of it; nor could I reap any advantage from him, beſides that of having ſuch an example of induſtry and diſcernment; of which, what uſe I have made, I do not hope, but fear, the reader will too eaſily perceive. That author indeed diſplays the paſſions at large, and purſues them into all their ſeveral branches; whereas I could find room for the primary or radical paſſions only, at preſent; but they may one day ſhoot, under her majeſty's benign influence, (who, like the queen above-mentioned, is the greateſt encourager of arts,) and give that one tree of human knowledge its entire growth.

But as imperfect as the diſcourſe now is, (of which I am very ſenſible,) I perſuade myſelf the reader will find an uncommon variety in it: and that the obſervations, which are by no means drawn from books, but the life, are ſo far juſt, that any one who is at the pains of looking on them, may poſſibly find truths which his own experience can atteſt; and thus be a witneſs, as well as a judge, of what is here written: he may find ſome traces, ſome features, of his own condition, as the Trojan met his own picture on a foreign ſhore. I wiſh (a rare wiſh in a writer!) that I could be refuted in what is here advanced; for ſome

of the truths are very melancholy. I hope the great length will be excuſed, ſince the nature of the ſubject might eaſily have betrayed me into a much greater tranſgreſſion againſt the common limits of this kind of writing.

If this piece in any tolerable degree anſwer its title, a peruſal will not be thrown away upon it. For I look on it as one of the deſiderata in literature, and that of the neareſt and moſt general concern to man.

# A TRUE ESTIMATE OF HUMAN LIFE.

COLOSS. iii. 2.

*Set your affections on things above, and not on things on the earth.*

WE by no means queſtion, but that the birth, and life, and death, and reſurrection, of our Lord, were acts of infinite merit; merit ſufficient to ſatisfy God's juſtice, and bring ſinners to the terms of reconcilement and ſalvation: but we muſt not imagine, that they wrought any change or confuſion in the nature of things. God is as pure as ever, and iniquity is as much his averſion; though he can be reconciled to ſinners, he cannot be reconciled to ſin; and though the ſinner may be ſaved, he cannot be ſaved unleſs he firſt be changed; for heaven has no more admittance for corruption, than it had before. And therefore the unchangeable holineſs of God requires, that, notwithſtanding all our Lord has done to ſave us, we ſhould ſtill "work out our own ſalvation," by a conformity to his example, as well as a depend-

ence on his merit; nor, moſt impiouſly, make his merit an encouragement of ſin.

For this reaſon, the Chriſtian is called on to be born, to live, to die, and to riſe again, in a moral ſenſe; for, in the natural, all theſe acts are acts of neceſſity. Theſe expreſſions import ſo many ſeveral ſtages in the Chriſtian courſe.

By nature we are born of fleſh and blood, which gives us a conſtitution fond of what is preſent, and careleſs of what is future: and therefore, to ſecure the future, we are told, that the ſpirit of God is a new principle of life, which, when received into the ſoul, will impreſs on it new thoughts, new aims, and new deſires; and to receive this principle, and theſe impreſſions, is the Chriſtian birth.

By nature we live a life of ſenſe and ſelf-will, which is deſtructive of our eternal intereſt; and therefore we are enjoined to take the will of Chriſt for our rule, and his practice for our example; and this is the Chriſtian life.

By nature we die through a ſeparation of ſoul and body: but this ſeparation makes it well with none, with whom it was not well before; and therefore we are enjoined to die to ſin; and this is the Chriſtian death.

By nature (or by God's appointment in nature) we are to riſe again, whether we will or no: but nothing that is of pure force can produce an effect to any one's ſpiritual advantage; and therefore are we to riſe by choice; that is, "by ſetting our affections "on things above;" and this is the Chriſtian reſurrection; the perfection of the Chriſtian ſtate, and that which the text particularly calls for.

I ſhall begin with explaining the words. The firſt word

word in the original text contains the whole act of our duty: we tranſlate it "ſet your affections;" but more is implied in it. We cannot love any thing, without judging of its worth; nor can we judge of the worth of any thing, without taking it into our thoughts; and the word ſignifies each of theſe acts, to *think* *, to *judge* †, to *love* ‡. Thus the whole ſignification of the word not only teaches us the whole act of our duty, but likewiſe the method neceſſary for the practice of it; think, judge, and then love.

The next words are "things above:" ſhewing the object of our duty. Now things above, in the ſtyle of Scripture, ſignify the things of grace and the things of glory. The things of grace are holineſs, juſtice, temperance, charity, and all other Chriſtian virtues. Prov. xv. 24. "The way of life is above to the wiſe, "that he may depart from hell beneath:" that is, every wiſe man will be religious; for this is the way above, that upper, exalted way that leads to life: but ſin is the low and ignominious way; ſo low, that there is nothing beneath it but hell, to which it leads.

Secondly, By things above, are meant the things of glory; as the beatific viſion of God, the preſence of Chriſt, the converſation of angels, the fellowſhip of ſaints; bodies glorified, ſouls ennobled, faculties enlarged, and entertained with tranſporting objects, and repleniſhed with unmixed joys! All theſe things are meant by things above; and one would imagine, that an injunction could not be ungrateful, to "ſet "our affections on things" like theſe.

And yet it is ungrateful to moſt of us; and that for this reaſon, becauſe there are things on the earth too, things contrary in their nature, and inconſiſtent in their

* Rom. xii. † Rom. xiv. ‡ In the text.

their choice, with the things now mentioned; pleaſant things, and ſuch whoſe pleaſures are preſent, and palpable, and always at hand: pleaſures of appetite and ſenſe, thoſe winning maſters, under whoſe dominion we ſpend the firſt of our years for want of reaſon; and (too often) the reſt, in ſpite of it: pleaſures, that through their number, and opportunity, and prepoſſeſſion, and cuſtom, get ſuch a fatal aſcendant, that unleſs we are always on our guard againſt them, our love of things above will either never ſpring, or (what is all one) never come to maturity. And this is the reaſon of that caution ſuperadded in the laſt words of the text, "not on things of the earth."

Having thus explained the words, I proceed to ſhew the particular method of practiſing the duty contained in them; which conſiſts (as I have already intimated) in thoſe three acts; firſt, Thinking of; ſecondly, Judging; thirdly, Loving, the things above.

To think of them is the beginning of our duty. Nothing can act on the ſoul but by the mediation of thought: That which we think not of, moves us no more than that which is not; and therefore, it is not ſo much the beauty, or excellency, or gratefulneſs, or fitneſs, of an object, as thought, that makes us love. The object brings in the matter, but thought gives the form to the paſſion; and if we think not of a thing, it is impoſſible we ſhould love it, be it ever ſo lovely.

If therefore we would work ourſelves to a proper zeal for things above, it is neceſſary that we ſhould allow ourſelves ſtated ſeaſons of thinking on them: we muſt call them into our mind, and make them the matter of our ſerious contemplation; and then the

moſt

moſt deſirable things will certainly move in us a ſuitable deſire.

Nor is it ſtrange that thought ſhould be neceſſary to give us an affection for things ſpiritual and remote, when it is neceſſary to give us a perception of things ſenſible and at hand. The eye may be open on an object which it does not ſee, and the ear ſtruck with ſounds which it does not hear, if thought is intenſely engaged another way. But ſmall attention, indeed, is neceſſary to give things ſenſible and preſent their full force on us; and this is the reaſon of that advantage which earthly things have on our choice above heavenly: they are immediate, their preſence is their power. But religious thought, and that only, can rob them of this fatal advantage; which is a ſtrong argument for the practice of this duty: thought can make abſent things preſent; take away the diſtance between earth and heaven; and make an eternal good, though future, a better entertainment, and fuller ſatisfaction to the mind, than all the pleaſures of ſin, though at hand.

I confeſs, indeed, ſince heaven forces itſelf on our thoughts, from a thouſand occaſions, whether we will or no, that many think of heaven, and yet do not deſire it as much as they ought; but this I affirm, that every man deſires it in proportion to his thinking: for no man but wiſhes for heaven, while heaven is on his mind; and if every tranſient glance of thought can procure a wiſh, it is a good argument that a fixed and frequent contemplation would produce no leſs than an effectual will. If therefore we affect not heaven enough, it is becauſe we contemplate it too little.

Indeed there is one ſtrange conſideration which offers itſelf on this ſubject: Since our common notion of

of things above repreſents them as infinitely prefe-rable to all other, how is it poſſible that they ſhould not ever engage our thoughts? how is it poſſible, that mankind, which abhors nothing ſo much as pain, ſhould not be for ever meditating on that place, which we confeſs to be the ſeat of perfect exemption from it? how is it poſſible, that mankind, which toils out a weary life in eager purſuits of every appearance of good, ſhould forget that which we confeſs the ſu-preme? for it is too manifeſt, that as the thoughts of heaven, and heavenly things, enter moſt rarely into our minds, ſo they hang the moſt looſely there, and are ſooneſt diſlodged from their ſlender hold on us. Every new object, though never ſo trifling, foreign, or abſurd, is ſufficient to divert us from the importance of them.

The holy ſcripture is frequent in aſſerting, that the devil is actually and perpetually converſant among us; his end and buſineſs being to ſeduce, deceive, and de-ſtroy. Nor can there be a greater human demonſtra-tion of this truth, than this inſtance of our thoughts, with regard to the contemplation of eternal happineſs; wherein their ſlackneſs, avocations, ſtartings, wander-ings, and interruptions, are ſo unaccountable, ſo con-trary to their nature and manner of attention, when applied to worldly objects, that they cannot ſeem to re-ceive their conduct from any principle, either volun-tary or mechanical, that is purely within ourſelves, but from the extrinſic influence and injection of that evil ſpirit. And accordingly we find him charged, Mat. xiii. 19. with this very fact of ſnatching away good thoughts from the heart of man.

And, indeed, if men but grant that there is ſuch a power, and that he can tempt us, (which if we deny,

we

we muſt ceaſe to be Chriſtians,) the other follows of itſelf: for the region of the ſoul, in which the devil forges his wiles to deceive us, is the imagination; and his manner of working is by forming images, or exciting motions, there, which become the immediate matter of our thought; and his time of working is then particularly when he perceives our minds are religiouſly diſpoſed, for then he is moſt afraid of loſing his hold on us. And thence comes to paſs (what I fear all of us have perceived) that at the ſeaſons of devotion, a languor and inattention often comes over us, which we feel neither before nor after: for then eſpecially he attempts our imagination, and throngs it with foreign matter. As therefore my text requires the "ſetting our thoughts on things above," in order to create ſuch a reliſh and kindle ſuch a deſire as is due to them; ſo, in order to ſetting our thoughts on them, it is neceſſary to ſuperadd this rule, That in the ſeaſons aſſigned for ſuch contemplation, we ſhould always guard our thoughts with that petition in the Lord's prayer, "Deliver us from evil," that evil one (as it may be rendered) who is ever hovering round us, to ſnatch away good thoughts from our hearts.

But a perſuaſive to ſerious contemplation (and nothing leſs than ſerious contemplation is ſufficient) muſt ſeem ſtrange to ſo gay an age, which has diſtinguiſhed itſelf by nothing more than by carrying diverſions to their greateſt and moſt expenſive height; diverſions, which are the reverſe of ſerious thought: an age, which particularly may be ſaid, with Sempronia, "† Pſallere et ſaltare elegantius quam neceſſe eſt "probæ. Pecuniæ an famæ minus parceret haud "facile diſcerneres." I cannot therefore but repeat what

† Salluſt.

what cannot, I think, fail of ſome effect on all that hear it attentively.

" Ah! my friends! while we laugh, all things are " ſerious round about us: God is ſerious, who exer- " ciſeth patience towards us; Chriſt is ſerious, who " ſhed his blood for us; the Holy Ghoſt is ſerious, " who ſtriveth againſt the obſtinacy of our hearts; " the Holy Scriptures bring to our ears the moſt ſe- " rious things in the world; the holy ſacraments repre- " ſent the moſt ſerious and awful matters; the whole " creation is ſerious in ſerving God, and us; all that " are in heaven or hell are ſerious; how then can we " be gay?" To give theſe excellent words their full force, it ſhould be known, that they come not from the prieſthood, but the court; and from a courtier as eminent as England ever boaſted.

I ſhall now proceed to my ſecond head, *judging* of the things above; which is the ſecond act of our duty. As judging of them, without thinking, which ſome do (or our converſations and preſſes would not be ſo guilty as they are,) is prepoſterous; ſo thinking of them, without judging, is incompetent and ſhort. We muſt therefore judge likewiſe of the things above; that is, we muſt think of them comparatively, weigh them againſt all other things that may poſſibly ſtand in competition with them; and ſo, on a rational and mature deliberation, give them that preference which they ſo well deſerve.

Now this ſecond act of the ſoul is neceſſary for the fixing our affections, for this reaſon; becauſe the ſimple act of thinking, indifferently raiſes our love to every thing that is pleaſurable; but when judgment comes to examine and diſcern between thoſe pleaſu- rable things, it will find that ſome of them muſt be forgone

forgone and rejected of neceſſity, becauſe they are inconſiſtent with and deſtructive of each other. And this, in a particular manner, is the caſe between things above, and things upon the earth; both of them offer pleaſures, and ſuch pleaſures as muſt neceſſarily engage our affections on our firſt contemplation of them: but thoſe two kinds of pleaſures are inconſiſtent; ſo contrary to each other, both in their nature and their means, that it is impoſſible for one ſoul to purſue both; ſuch therefore as entertain a diſtracted inclination for both of them, are called, in ſcripture, men of two ſouls.

Since, then, it is neceſſary to chuſe one, in order to enjoy either, let our judgment examine theſe two competitors for our affections, things above, and things upon the earth, and ſee which of them is moſt likely to bring in the fulleſt ſatisfaction to our ſouls.

Firſt, let us put this world in the balance: and, to avoid confuſion in ſo wide a ſubject, let us ſeparately conſider the different orders, ages, aims, relations, conſtitutions, tempers, and paſſions, of men; and ſee this variety united in uneaſineſs and complaint.

Firſt, As to their orders. The peaſant complains aloud; the courtier in ſecret repines: in want, what diſtreſs? in affluence, what ſatiety? The great are under as much difficulty to expend with pleaſure, as the mean to labour with ſucceſs. In retirement, what oſcitancy, what heavineſs? In the world, what conflict, what fatigue? The ignorant, through ill-grounded hope, are diſappointed; the knowing, through knowledge, deſpond. Ignorance occaſions miſtake, miſtake diſappointment, and diſappointment is miſery: knowledge, on the other hand, gives true judgment;

and

and true judgment of things below, gives a demonſtration of their inſufficiency to our peace. Good fortune makes the will undiſciplined and diſſolute, the imagination vain, the paſſions ſtrong, and the underſtanding weak: a miſerable ſtate! Affliction is the beſt ſchool of wiſdom; no volumes are an equivalent for the neceſſity of reflection that lays us under: but then it muſt be confeſſed we pay dear for its inſtruction; and ſince the end of wiſdom is to lead us to pleaſure, what ſignifies that wiſdom which is accompanied with pain!

The marriage-ſtate only may be the moſt happy, but is the moſt dangerous; as fruitful of calamities, as it is of relations; whoſe capacity of being our greateſt pleaſures, is likewiſe their capacity of being our greateſt pains. And if we conſult experience more than reaſon in this point, we have grounds to ſee the worſt. Nor is reaſon entirely on the other ſide; for if there are more vices than virtues, more unfortunate than fortunate accidents in life, the balance, in this ſtate, will probably turn againſt us: the good in it we look on as our due, and therefore receive it coldly, and without a proper emotion of heart; the bad is unexpected, and therefore keen the reſentment of it: the ſhaft is ſharp; the ſurpriſe dips it in poiſon, and doubles our anguiſh. Both parties look on all that the other can do them as an abſolute debt: this notion leaves both a much leſs power to oblige, than to diſguſt; and conſequently makes diſquiets almoſt unavoidable.

The ſtate of celibacy, unleſs it can work out an artificial happineſs from the abſence of evils, (which requires a peculiar ſtrength of mind,) is a deſert, melancholy, and diſconſolate ſtate: at the maturity

of

of life, tender affections awake in the heart, which demand their proper objects, and pine for the want of them. In this ſtate of celibacy, they muſt either be extinguiſhed, or continued without gratification: the firſt is a great violence of Nature; the ſecond her laſting pain, and a pain of that kind which furniſhed the Platoniſts with their principal idea of hell. Our paternal affections muſt be drawn off, like a mother's milk; or they will corrupt, and turn to diſeaſe.

Huſband and father are the titles of honour which Nature diſpenſes, and endows them with greater pleaſure than any titles which Fortune can confer. They that reſiſt the impulſes of Nature, are reſiſted by her in their new ſchemes of enjoyment; and Nature is a powerful adverſary. He that has children multiplies himſelf, and gives happineſs many channels by which to flow in upon him: letting the heart ſtream out in tenderneſs on its proper objects, as it is the greateſt duty, ſo it is the greateſt bleſſing of life: to have no one to whom we moſt heartily wiſh well, and for whom we are warmly concerned, is a deplorable ſtate. It may be ſaid, Wiſdom will provide us with ſuch objects in every condition: it may; but it would coſt us leſs pains, if we ſuffered Nature to eaſe her of that trouble.

Perſons of birth, riches, power, and talents, thoſe ſhining and envied characters, have all their peculiar evil, the growth of their reſpective ſtates.

1ſt, Perſons of birth: theſe have their eye on their anceſtors, and would have their glory ſubſiſt on the merit of the dead. This the world will not agree to; but thinks that an argument for attainments of their own, which the great by birth look on as their exemption from the labour of them: thus are they pained,

pained, where they expect homage to find reproach. They contemn those of mean extraction; and by that contempt, as it were, exact their hate; and generally have what they exact, with the bad consequences of it. Ardently they desire honours, because it is natural to men to desire an accumulation of that good, of which already they enjoy a share: hence a disappointment in this pursuit is more stinging to them than others. Who is truly more noble for his high birth? He that despises it; he that despises it as a possession, but values it as an incitement to virtue. Their appellations are their instructors: they are styled Noble on a presumption that they retain the virtue, their blood is styled Generous on a presumption that they retain the high nature, of their ancestors; their riches are not sufficient.

2dly, Men of riches. These men, which is natural, are so high in opinion of what they largely possess, that they think to have riches is to have every thing; that they think them the price for, and title to, all the world can give, or man enjoy. Hence high expectations and high resentments, and every evil is aggrandized by these. Every wrong accident is a calamity; and not only a calamity, but an injury too; for have not they a title to better things? Others, when they are sick, are sorry; but these are angry also, and look on a gout, or a fever, as an object of resentment; which is still the stranger, because, for the most part, they invite them to their habitations.

3dly, Men of power. They that have it in their power to make the fortune and reputation of others, may have, and often have, as many enemies as those whose fortune and reputation they do not make. For men are so fond of themselves, as to think, that all

others

others can do, they ſhould do for them. This is unjuſt, but this is true. And hence it is, that all the uneaſy, inſtead of venting their paſſion by ſtriking the air, as it is natural for the peeviſh in their guſts of rage to do, vent it often on men in power, by ſhooting their arrows at them, even bitter words; becauſe men are apt to think they contract an importance, from the importance of thoſe they injure. Whereas it is rare that men in power give juſt offence to ſuch as theſe: if they injure, they ſtoop not to theſe, they level at the great; for that gives their dignity the higheſt ſatisfaction. The great often juſtly are, the mean often unjuſtly will be, their enemies. Where then are their friends? They muſt be few; and thoſe few are more likely to be ſecret enemies to them, than to any others with whom they paſs for friends: becauſe, firſt, Men of power create the greateſt envy, which is our ſtrongeſt paſſion: ſecondly, Their ruin would afford the largeſt plunder; and our own emolument is our chiefeſt aim.

4thly, Men of talents. If they exert them, it will coſt them much pains, and they may probably fail of ſucceſs, through malice of accident, or indiſcretion of choice. Or, if they ſucceed in their labour, their labour may not ſucceed in its reputation: or if it does, it is only ſetting themſelves a hard taſk for the future; for it is double ſhame to fall beneath themſelves. Fame is generally theſe mens aim; and to fail of our aim, be it ever ſo idle, is infelicity. An author at his lamp tells himſelf in triumph, Now the toil is almoſt over, the purchaſe at hand; he is within a month of immortality. But on publication he finds the payment deferred, deferred to the day of his death; too late a payment of that which he cannot transfer to his heir.

heir. There is no ſtronger infatuation than this deſire of chimerical immortality. It is very ſtrange; but the ſecret of it is this: God implanted in the ſoul a violent deſire of approbation, in order to ſtimulate man into an attainment of his own approbation, which is the moſt valuable; as he implanted in the ſoul ſtrong hope, and fear, and love, that he himſelf might be the object of them, as my text directs: but as theſe affections, when they ſtop ſhort on temporals, become pains; ſo this violent deſire of approbation, when it ſtops ſhort at men, becomes, though moſt admirably wiſe in God's deſign, that ridiculous and ſeemingly unaccountable folly of which I ſpeak: and the wiſeſt of men, not attending to this, have ſometimes ſtarted in ſurpriſe and ſhame, on diſcovering that ſome of their nobleſt deſigns had their riſe and termination in that moſt deſpicable point, the opinion of men. Thus you ſee, that the thirſt of approbation, when miſapplied, becomes a folly, and incurs a ſhame which it would moſt avoid. And this is the ſtate of the greateſt gifts that Omnipotence can beſtow, when turned on improper ends. This, therefore, which might ſeem digreſſive, is not ſo: it tends to demonſtrate miſeries of this life; ſince hence it appears, that we have reaſon to ſtand in dread of the very excellencies of our nature, as well as the imperfections of it.

Secondly, Conſider the different ages. Young men deſire paſſionately, and therefore are afflictively diſappointed. They deſire chiefly gratifications of ſenſe; and therefore ſoon impair their appetites for them, and anticipate old age by infirmities.

They are extremely mutable in their inclinations; and therefore, as ſome things by nature cannot, others

thers through their own temper ſhall not, pleaſe them long.

They are faſtidious in their pleaſures, as thinking the moſt delicate and exalted the prerogative of their time of life; thus they reject many, and impair the reſt.

They are prone to anger, becauſe unſubdued by fortune, and unappriſed by wiſdom of what they ought to expect: hence they are diſpleaſed with others without cauſe, and then with themſelves for being ſo; for generally their ſenſe of being in the wrong is as quick, as their propenſity to it is ſtrong.

They have not a ſufficient regard for things of utility (becauſe they never wanted) and find the bad effects of it; what pride can better taſte, pleaſes them more: hence they are very tender of their honour, before they have gained any: and thus are they pained, not only about things that are, but things alſo that are not.

They are credulous, becauſe unexperienced; deceived, becauſe credulous; and outrageous, becauſe deceived: and hence, from too fond an opinion, they are apt to conceive too inveterate a diſlike for mankind; as fruitful a ſource of evil, as their firſt miſtake.

The young man's field of reflection is ſmall, for little is paſt; his field of hope is large, for much is to come; which falling in with vivacity of ſpirits, and vanity of heart, he indulges it to the excluſion of neceſſary fear, which is the ſhield of life; and hence he is perpetually wounded in his peace, fortune, reputation, or health, or all.

He delights in extremes; whereas virtue is in the mean, and happineſs dwells with her. He is a ſquan-

derer of wealth, as well as of health, peace, and reputation; and by the guilt of youth, lays up poverty for age; of which I am now to ſpeak.

Age is infeſted with ſuſpicion, exceſs of caution, diſaffection, puſillanimity, illiberality, querulouſneſs, immodeſty, garrulity, want of compaſſion, ſolid hatred, moroſeneſs, inordinate ſelf-love, extreme covetouſneſs, and diſtempers.

An old man is ſuſpicious, becauſe experienced. For the knowledge and diſtruſt of mankind are inſeparable. Now, he that lives in perpetual ſuſpicion, lives the life of a centinel, of a centinel never relieved; whoſe buſineſs it is to look out for and expect an enemy, which is an evil not very far ſhort of periſhing by him.

Allied to ſuſpicion is exceſs of caution: wiſdom, coldneſs of temperature, and ſometimes ill nature, are mixed in this. I ſhall chuſe one inſtance that includes them all. In points of ſpeculation, he rarely affirms or denies any thing poſitively, though he is beſt able to do it: he knows nothing, but is of ſuch an opinion on moſt occaſions; by which, one thing he means, is, to call younger men fools (who delight in a more ſanguine ſtyle), and thus artfully to gratify his diſaffection to them.

He is all diſaffection: I ſpeak in general. He loves nobody; becauſe formerly, very probably, his good inclinations have been abuſed; beſides, the affections as naturally contract in the evening of life as flowers at the departure of the ſun. Now he that loves none, enjoys none, nor is loved or enjoyed by any.

He is puſillanimous, from decay of ſpirit, and the blows of fortune. Now puſillanimity is the want of hope, and hope is the cordial of life.

He

He is querulous; which is the voice of puſillanimity, and an infallible ſource of contempt.

He is illiberal, as knowing how hard it is to gain, and how eaſy to loſe; as likewiſe, from a growing paſſion for the ſecurity of to-morrow; whereas to-day is the miſtreſs of youth. Now illiberality is the ſource of hatred, as generoſity is of love.

He is immodeſt: I mean, hardened to the eye, and unaffected with the opinion of others, becauſe he diſeſteems them; and diſeſteems them, becauſe he knows them; and praiſe and diſpraiſe we diſeſteem, when we diſeſteem thoſe from whom they come. Now this immodeſty is a ſource both of hatred and contempt. Beſides, virtue is always enfeebled by a neglect of praiſe, which is a food of it.

He is talkative, becauſe his largeſt ſcenes ly backward; and his talk on the paſt is always a cenſure on the preſent; now he that cenſures is diſpleaſed. Beſides, this talkativeneſs is diſguſting on two accounts: firſt, as he is generally his own theme; ſecondly, as it runs counter to the fire and activity of younger men, to whom he ſpeaks.

His compaſſion is ſlight, from his familiarity with misfortunes; and his hatred is ſolid, more apt to vent itſelf in deeds than words, from the maturity of his wiſdom, which loves things effectual, and to the purpoſe. His former qualities put him in a ſtate of war with mankind: this, in a ſtate of war that gives no quarter.

He is moroſe, and an inordinate lover of himſelf. The firſt, becauſe he envies the pleaſures which he cannot partake. There is no ſuch thing, at leaſt in our climate, as a gay old man: a fly in winter is for nations nearer the ſun. He is the ſecond, becauſe

men riſe in fondneſs for things, in proportion to their hazard of loſing them; and his life is on the departure. Hence abſurdly his paſſion for it increaſes, as its value fails. Now from all that has been ſaid,

His extreme covetouſneſs is accounted for. Money has two excellent qualities for him: firſt, It will do that for him, which no one thing will willingly do: it will keep him company, as it always does; it will flatter him; it will go on his errands; it will procure him ſmiles and bows, and all the outſide of affection and reſpect. Secondly, as it is a thing inanimate, it can give no offence. But not to aggravate this matter, (which it little needs!) granting, that as youth is the reign of vehement deſire, and vehement deſire is a diſeaſe, a fever, a pain; ſo age, indeed, brings on a ſerenity; experience makes us able pilots in the waves of fortune, and vigour impaired no longer ſcorches us with the violence of deſire. Granting, that the mind gains that ſtrength which the body loſes, and intellectual pleaſures are then in their full force; yet ſo, it muſt be confeſſed, are

Diſtempers too; and what comfort is there in an hoſpital, or a ſtorm? In youth, what diſappointments of our own making? in age, what diſappointments from the nature of things? Human life has, then, its morning and evening: but the evening and morning are one day; a day of ſorrows! different indeed in ſort, but in eſſence the ſame. And this is the reaſon why men, always unhappy, are always expecting happineſs. For had we no change of ſcenes to experience one after another, we ſhould ſooner be convinced of the vanity of our expectation: whereas we now are amuſed with hope, which for pleaſure gives us

us change of pain; we are wretched and deceived, which increaſes our wretchedneſs; for every ſorrow receives a new ſting, from our expectation of the contrary.

Thirdly, Conſider our aims. If we let looſe our wiſhes at things above our deſert, how rarely we ſucceed! or if we ſucceed, how are we pained with the fears of expoſing our inſufficiency! How ſhall we make good the promiſe our fortune has made to the world! We muſt live in perpetual conſtraint; be for ever ſweating under a maſk of form and artifice, which, in ſpite of all our care, the wiſe will ſee through; and at their mercy we ly for the precarious character we preſerve. And how ridiculous a ſight is it to ſee a man embarraſſed by good fortune, and ſtruggling with his own ſucceſs! To take up more money than our eſtate can anſwer, in time, is certain ruin: to take up more reputation than our merit can anſwer, in time, is as certain ſhame.

If our fortune, on the other hand, falls below our deſert, how careleſs are we of exerting thoſe capacities we are really maſters of, and of levying that advantage and reputation which is due to them! Our preferment is our puniſhment; and the conſciouſneſs of our worth is at once our pride and our affliction: how unpromiſing a ſcene is that for happineſs, where our merit increaſes the number of our pains!

If our aims are proportioned to our deſert, we may indeed ſucceed; but our ſucceſs will ſoon grow inſipid, nay, painful, when we ſee (as ſoon we ſhall) our inferiors in merit get the ſtart of us in place and fortune; when we find our wiſdom and modeſty leſs

advantageous than the raſhneſs and confidence of other men.

If we ſtand alone and independent, it is a proud, but a ſolitary and uncomfortable, dominion; unrefreſhed with hope, which is the life of life itſelf. If we have our attachments, and lean againſt our ſuperiors, it is often a ſhining ſervitude, a promiſing anxiety, that excites indeed our ſpirits, but torments them too, during the ſuſpence; and as often deceives, as ſatisfies, in the end. Which has moſt happineſs? a ſervile hope, or a hopeleſs independency? He that has many hopes, has many poſſibilities of diſappointment: he that has few, has few occaſions of joy.

If we converſe with our inferiors or equals only, we ſacrifice the advancement of our fortune to preſent eaſe and complacency: if with our ſuperiors, we, in ſome meaſure, ſacrifice our eaſe and complacency to our fortune; our caution muſt be always awake, our abilities always on the ſtretch; and converſation, which was deſigned to recreate, muſt become a diſcipline and an enterprize.

Moreover, it is expectation from ſuperiors that is apt to give a painful and unreaſonable awe of them; an awe due rather to God than man. It is that which annoys our breaſts with puſillanimous doubts and fears; that makes the little heart play its ſervile paſſions in all their force, at a ſmile or a frown; which he that does not *expect*, is free from himſelf, and in others moſt juſtly contemns. The moſt deſpicable weakneſs any one man can be guilty of, is an undue fear of another; which expectation is apt to ſubject him to.

Obſcurity has its obvious diſadvantages; and a great name is the mark of envy and reproach; or if reproach

reproach ſpare it, it muſt be nurtured or loſt. Time itſelf will work decay in glory as in other things, unleſs it be kept in repair at the expence of returning pains, and a ſucceſſion of deſerts: and if preſerved, it has its moral evils; fame from letters makes a man unſociable and overbearing; fame from political wiſdom, deſigning; and fame from arms, incorrect of life. It has likewiſe its natural evils: for ſince fame is the general miſtreſs of mankind, he that enjoys it has almoſt as many rivals as men, and often as many foes as rivals.

One man aims at making his happineſs by philſophy, another by fortune. The firſt is ſtemming the ſtream of the world, and his own nature, with endleſs labour; the ſecond is carried away by that ſtream with endleſs hazard, and every wave is maſter of his peace.

One follows fancy; and by that time the thing fancied is attained, his fancy for it is fled. Another follows cuſtom, and is faſhionably pleaſed in contradiction to his own heart: ſeeming to be happy, is his happineſs; now ſeeming happineſs implies the want of it. A third follows reaſon; and reaſon puts us out of humour with almoſt every thing about us.

If men have no purſuits, they are a burden to themſelves; if they have, diſappointments are a greater. What diſappointments interrupt the moſt ſucceſsful proſecutions! and, what is worſe, poſſeſſion is the greateſt diſappointment of all; it deſtroys the very phantom of happineſs, our pleaſing error, our ſweet flatterer hope, which before we enjoyed. The man of ſucceſs, and of the higheſt advancement, firſt indeed laughs at others; but ſoon he revenges them,

by laughing at himſelf. He wonders how he could be ſo paſſionately fond of what ſo little deſerved his fondneſs: he is grieved, he is ſurpriſed, he is angry, that the abſence of thoſe things was able to give him ſo much pain, the preſence of which can afford ſo little enjoyment. But he uſually keeps the ſecret, in poor hopes of that enjoyment from the miſtaken envy of others, which the things envied cannot give him, and takes a malicious pleaſure in ſeeing his unwarned followers deceived as well as himſelf. There is ever a certain languor attending the fulneſs of proſperity: when the heart has no more to wiſh, it yawns over its poſſeſſion; and the energy of the ſoul goes out, like a flame that has no more to devour. Who is ſo wretched as the man that is overwhelmed with a multitude of affairs? He that is relieved from them, and has none at all. But granting ſuperiority of fortune ſhould give ſome ſuperiority of happineſs, let it be remarked, that he who increaſes the endearments of life, increaſes, at the ſame time, the terrors of death. Which leads me to

The fourth conſideration, that of our relations in life. A wife, a child, dear to us as our own boſoms in which they ly, what cowards do they make us! What are their endearments, their ſoftneſs, their charms, but new terrors in the frown, and new ſhafts in the quiver, of misfortune and death? There is ſomething truly formidable in having ſuch tender bleſſings as theſe; and every wife and feeling heart, while it is tranſported at the thoughts of them, muſt tremble too.

But all relations are not pained through tenderneſs of affection. While the father is ſolicitous for the welfare of his ſon, how ſolicitous and impatient is the

ſon

ſon (very often) for the death of that very father! What are alliances of blood, but titles for expectation? and what are titles for expectation, but expoſures to diſappointment, and aggravations of its ſmart? All that ſeeming family endearment, comfort, and complacency, which we figure to ourſelves at a diſtance, what is it (too often!) but mutual attacks on the peace, plots on the riches, hopes from the ſickneſs, and joy from the deaths, of each other?

The ſervant envies his maſter; and ſometimes the maſter his ſervant, and perhaps with more juſtice; but juſtly neither: for if we well knew how little others enjoy, it would reſcue the world from one ſin, there would be no ſuch thing as envy upon earth: envy, which is a double folly; folly as it is a ſin, and folly as it is a miſtake: for it reſults from the ſuppoſition of that, which is not the ſuperior happineſs of others; which is not, I mean, in that degree we conceive of it; and we envy that which we conceive.

Fifthly, As to conſtitutions and tempers: in health, what temptation? in ſickneſs, what pain? The miſery of many is wrapped up in their very veins; how then ſhall they fly from it? How many inherit, how many create, how many purchaſe, diſtempers? Earthquake, ſtorm, war, ſweep not half ſo many as diſeaſes, which we knowingly contract by careleſneſs and exceſs. Women, as they are leſs ſubject to pains of mind, are more ſubject to pains of the body, than men, to balance that account.

He that is infirm dies daily, and loſes all the pleaſure of life: he that knows no infirmities, obſerves not the lapſe of time, grows old unawares, and is unprepared for death: but ſuppoſe a man has health

and wiſdom too, how many find in their tempers an enemy to peace!

The tempers are, as I take it, leſſer paſſions, or various fainter ſhades or blendings of thoſe ſtrong colours on the ſoul of man. The gloomy, peeviſh, ſanguine, phlegmatic, good-natured, impatient, improvident, wary, haughty, remitting, courteous, arrogant, ſuſpicious, refining, reſerved, affable, fearleſs, timid, modeſt, proud, delicate, and inſenſible temper, have all their peculiar evils.

A gloomy temper ſurveys every thing in the worſt light, and can diſcover no bleſſings.

A peeviſh temper quarrels with the bleſſings it diſcovers, with its friends, itſelf; and defeats the labour of Providence for its ſatisfaction.

The ſanguine overſhoots; the phlegmatic deſponds; the mild tempts inſults; the choleric is its own tormentor.

If a man is good-natured, his friends devour him; if not, his foes.

The impatient feel as much uneaſineſs from the ſlow approach of pleaſure, as others from the deſpair of it.

To the thoughtleſs and improvident, the ſurpriſe of every diſappointment doubles its pain.

To the wary and foreboding, the conſtant expectation of calamity is a calamity itſelf.

If a man is haughty, and too tender of his honour, he gives the power of hurting him to every wretch that can ſhew diſreſpect: and who cannot? If he is remiſs and negligent of reſpect, men will with-hold real ſervices, becauſe their ceremonial was not ſufficiently welcome: he loſes the ſubſtance, becauſe he will not catch at the ſhadow. But forms are more than

than ſhadows; they are the robe and defence of realities, which will ever run ſome hazard when we throw them off.

The very courteous leſſen their favours by giving them the appearance of a debt, through their frequent profeſſions of kindneſs. The favours of an arrogant man are received unthankfully; becauſe, thro' too great a conſciouſneſs of them, he is his own pay-maſter. And yet he who does not ſometimes aſſert his own merit, will ſoon have painful ſuſpicions that the former is in the right.

The ſuſpicious, in ſome meaſure, juſtify thoſe injuries they expect. A perſon of ſmall merit is anxiouſly jealous of imputation on his honour, becauſe he knows his title is weak: one of great merit turbidly reſents them, becauſe he knows his title is ſtrong.

The refining temper is expreſsly a maker of evils. Not to be obliged by ſuperiors, it conſtrues an injury; to be obliged by inferiors, an affront. To have its wants relieved, it conſtrues an affectation of ſuperiority in its benefactor; not to have them relieved, a contempt. It can work wonders to its own diſadvantage; and make a look or geſture it diſapproves, a ſerious misfortune.

Reſerve may procure reſpect, but it gives a diſpoſition to hatred; becauſe that reſpect is involuntary, and, as it were, extorted; and we hate every thing that invades the freedom of our choice.

Affability procures good-will, but may give a diſpoſition to contempt; becauſe it gives us cheaply that which we deſire, and the difficulty of the attainment enhances the value of things.

A fearleſs temper impairs our caution, and makes

us careleſs of exerting our outmoſt ſtrength; a timid, gives our underſtanding the ſtrongeſt arguments for exerting our ſtrength, but at the ſame time enfeebles the heart in the execution of what appears ſo reaſonable.

A native modeſty in man may conciliate love from the many, but forbids eſteem from the wiſe: becauſe with them no act has merit, but what has choice; and theſe chuſe not modeſty by their reaſon, but ſuffer it from their conſtitutions.

Proud men are apt to be injurious, becauſe it is a mark of ſuperiority: they ſtrike more through vanity than malice! but then, as it is a mark, it is a mutilation of ſuperiority too; for it throws down our reſpect for them, which is a conſiderable ſupport of it.

Too great a ſenſibility creates pain, where by nature it is not; too little, perceives not bleſſings where they are: and there is a too great ſenſibility from fortune, as well as temper. Rank gives ſome perſons ſuch a delicacy, that they have a ſet of inquietudes entirely their own, the prerogative of their high ſtation, to which their inferiors muſt not preſume to pretend. If humour and paſſion are indulged, how domineering are they! if denied, how rebellious! Which leads me to

The ſixth and laſt conſideration, the paſſions of men.

An account of the paſſions is properly a hiſtory of the active part of the ſoul, as an account of the underſtanding is of the contemplative. They may be conſidered as ſo many ſtandard-bearers, round each of which many miſchiefs are ranged in array againſt us, and lay waſte the tranquillity of human life. They have by others been conſidered phyſically, as they conſtitute

conſtitute part of our nature; morally, as they influence virtue and vice; and rhetorically, with regard to compoſition: but I do not know that they have been conſidered in a ſyſtem, or with any accuracy, as the pains, and promoters of the pains, of life. In this view I ſhall ſpeak of them, with as much light and diſtinction as I can. It is the paſſions that give the perpetual motion to human life; that rolls us from place to place, from object to object; nor will the grave itſelf afford them reſt.

Firſt, Anger. It is elegantly ſaid, "The King's "anger is as a roaring lion." Which deſcription of it is confined to kings, only as to its efficacy; it is as ſtrong, though not as ſucceſsful, in other men. By a king it is let looſe into the large field of power; in others, it bites the bars that confine it; and, in both, it laſhes itſelf. This ſhows it to be a pain; and it likewiſe proceeds from pain: for no one is angry, but who has, or fancies he has, received an injury in himſelf, or his; for which he is firſt grieved. So that Anger may be called the daughter of Sorrow, and the mother of Revenge, which often has fatal conſequences. Thus this paſſion has paſt, preſent, and future pains belonging to it.

Anger is frequent. For among enemies it is the natural habit of the mind; and where are not enemies? Among friends it is unnatural; and therefore, when it happens, more tormenting.

As pride is predominant in men, the principal cauſe of anger is diſreſpect; the queſtion therefore is, if the angry man acts not againſt his own ſupreme purpoſe? If anger is impotent, that is a blow directly on his pride; if it ſucceeds by unworthy means, that is a blow on his general character. Anger therefore

is

is not only an evil itſelf, proceeding from and leading to evil, but often to the very evil it would moſt avoid. It falls on its own ſword.

Two ſorts of men are moſt ſubject to this paſſion; men of felicity, and men of affliction: one becauſe their expectations are high; the other becauſe their uneaſineſſes are many. The firſt make their ſuperiority their anxiety, counterbalancing by their own reſentment the favours of Nature and Fortune; the ſecond inflame the ſeverities of them both.

Allied to anger is hatred; which is a laſting anger: now hatred is always accompanied with diſguſt, and diſguſt is pain.

Allied to hatred are contempt and abhorrence. Contempt is hatred without fear; but it is hatred, and therefore pain. Abhorrence is hatred with fear, and therefore its pain is double.

Invective indeed eaſes the heart, as a diſcharge the ſtomach; but it alſo proves it very ſick before.

I do not deny that there is ſuch a thing as a malicious pleaſure: but I affirm, it is a pleaſure like that of violent ſcratching, or ſtriking ourſelves in ſome indiſpoſitions; it ſuppoſes a diſtemper, and leaves a wound both in our reputation and our peace.

Anger has under its banner invective, aſſault, ruin, and death.

Secondly, Love. By love I mean not the deſire of what is uſeful or honeſt, but more particularly of what is pleaſant. With philoſophers, it includes the two former; with the world, it is often limited to the laſt. It implies diſcontent; that is, pain: for he that deſires, is diſſatisfied with his preſent condition, be it what it will; and the pain is in proportion to the deſire.

To

To ſay the leaſt to the diſdadvantage of this paſſion; it is putting your peace in the power of another, which is rarely ſafe even in your own.

There are two things, I think, peculiar to this paſſion; and what makes them more remarkable, is, they ſeem ſomewhat inconſiſtent. One is our deſire of it; the other is a condition that makes it very undeſirable. As to the firſt; we do not ſeek, nay, we avoid, occaſions of anger, hatred, fear, ſhame, or envy; but we ſeek occaſions of love. As to the ſecond; love is all the paſſions in one: it is anger that it cannot, ſhame that does not, fear that it ſhall not, enjoy its object; it is envy of, and hatred to, thoſe that poſſibly may. For envy, hatred, and ſuſpicion, form love's conſtant companion, Jealouſy; which therefore ſtings deeper than either of them, becauſe it is all. Now as many paſſions as love has, ſo many pains. Be it therefore a maxim, He that was never pained, never loved.

But though this paſſion has pains, leads it not to pleaſures? It may fail of them; and then it is deſpair, which is moſt terrible: if it attains them, they may not be laſting; for moſt pleaſures, like flowers when gathered, die.

Love has under its banner watching, ſickneſs, abaſement, adulation, perjury, jealouſy; and ſometimes it liſts anger's moſt dreadful followers: the only difference is, there they are ſtanding troops; here, caſual recruits: there they are volunteers; here, they are preſſed occaſionally into the ſervice; for they do not naturally belong to love.

Thirdly, Fear. This is a moſt diſmal paſſion. A mind haunted with fear is a hideous night-piece of ſtorm, precipice, ruins, tombs, and apparitions: it is not

not content with the compaſs of Nature, as if too ſcanty for evil; but creates new worlds for calamity, things that are not. But very timorous natures only ſuffer to this degree: and it is well they do not; for ſuch a fear alone is capable of taking in an ample vengeance of an incenſed God, inſomuch that ſome have thought that hell conſiſted in the ſevere extremity of this paſſion only.

All that fear, have proportionable pain. It is an anticipation of evil; and has under its banner confuſion, ſupplication, ſervility, amazement, and ſelf-deſertion particularly.

For I think it a peculiarity of fear, that it defeats its own purpoſe more than any of the paſſions. Anger ſtrikes; and if unſucceſsfully, it only loſes a blow: love purſues; and if unſucceſsfully, it only loſes a purſuit: Fear makes us fly, but makes us ſtumble too; and the more precipitate our flight, the farther are we from an eſcape. Hence ſays the holy Scripture, "It "betrays the ſuccours of reaſon;" meaning, that it betrays it more than any other paſſion, for all betray it in ſome degree.

Fears are the ſhields of life: but if they are too many, they are an oppreſſion; and, like the maid at the Capitol, we periſh under them.

Fears we have many; but there is but one that came from heaven, (as the Romans fabled of their Ancile,) which is the fear of God: all the reſt are falſe; and this ſevenfold ſhield will ſave us from them: a falling world cannot affright him whom that ſhield has under its protection.

Fourthly, There is alſo Falſe Shame; when, thro' an affectation of the eſteem of bad men, we are aſhamed of what God approves; or, if aſhamed of what is truly

truly ſhameful, when we are aſhamed with regard to men, not God. The firſt is blaſphemy in thought; or ſuch a thought as, if expreſſed in words, would be blaſphemous. The ſecond is ſacrilege, giving God's due to man. This is a ſhame to be aſhamed of; and contrary to the Apoſtle's "repentance not to be re-"pented of;" for ſhame is a repentance, or ſomething very like it.

Shame is a ſenſe of eſtimation impaired, and of our ſinking in the opinion of men; I wiſh I could add, of God too; for men are not aſhamed of injuſtice or profaneneſs, at the ſame time that they bluſh for an omiſſion in faſhion or complaiſance: nay, I wiſh they are not often proud of the former; now pride is ſhame's reverſe. As ſhining in the opinion of others is the ſupreme aim of almoſt all men, ſhame muſt be exceeding painful, as it implies the loſs or diminution of their greateſt fancied good.

Shame has under its banner, ſelf-condemnation, puſillanimity, regret, lying, confuſion of face.

Which puts me in mind of what I take to be peculiarities of this paſſion. Which are three. 1ſt, Other paſſions fly to men for redreſs of their grievances; this flies from them: anger flies to ſtrike, love to embrace, fear for ſhelter; but ſhame flies from all men, and makes an eye as ſharp as a ſword. Shame's bad eſtate is ſeen in this, that its hope and felicity run ſo low, as to make night and oblivion, which are the terrors of others, a wiſh, a joy; "Fallere et effugere "eſt triumphus."

2dly, Shame has a more infallible mark fixed on it by nature than any of the reſt; I mean, bluſhes. Of which I take the reaſon to be, that this paſſion neceſſarily ſuppoſes guilt. Which is not the caſe of any of the

the paſſions beſide, except envy, which is generally marked with paleneſs, as ſhame with the contrary. Shame, I ſay, neceſſarily ſuppoſes guilt: for none are aſhamed but on one of theſe three accounts. Firſt, Becauſe they are directly guilty. Secondly, Becauſe they want ſome merit they ought to have. Thirdly, Becauſe they ſuffer ſome indignity. Now the want of proper merit proceeds generally from omiſſions; ſuffering indignities, from ſloth or cowardice; and all theſe are vicious. But men are ſometimes aſhamed of virtue. True; but then they conſider that virtue as a fault in the eyes of thoſe before whom they are aſhamed of it: beſides, then it does not only ſuppoſe, but is, guilt.

3dly, Lying. This is the falſe cover of falſe ſhame: for true or proper ſhame has regard to God; and who dares, who can lie, to him? For we cannot lie to any purpoſe, but to fallible beings. Now as falſe ſhame is lying eternally, though the perſon ſubject to it is aſhamed without reaſon at firſt, he is ſure to have ample reaſon for ſhame in the end; and conſequently he will be pained without juſt cauſe, and with it too.

Fifthly, Envy. This is the moſt deformed and moſt deteſtable of all the paſſions. A good man may be angry, or aſhamed; may love, or fear: but a good man cannot envy; for all other paſſions ſeek good, but envy evil. All other paſſions propoſe advantages to themſelves; envy ſeeks the detriment of others. They, therefore, are human: this is diabolical. Anger ſeeks vengeance for an injury; an injury in fortune, or perſon, or honour: but envy pretends no injuries, and yet has an appetite for vengeance. Love ſeeks the poſſeſſion of good, fear the flight of evil: but envy neither; all her good is the diſadvantage of another.

another. Hence it is moſt deteſtable; and becauſe moſt deteſtable, therefore, 2dly,

Moſt deformed. For it is the moſt deteſtable, becauſe the leaſt natural: or what is leaſt natural works in us the moſt diſadvantageous and deforming effects. We muſt be ſometimes angry, we muſt love, and fear, be aſhamed, by the neceſſity of our nature; and there are juſt occaſions for them all. But no neceſſity of our nature obliges us to envy, nor is there any juſt occaſion for it. For all men are unhappy, only we know not where their uneaſineſs lies: therefore there is no natural occaſion for envy: and that there ſhould be a moral one, is a contradiction; for the happier others are, the more we ſhould rejoice. As therefore neither our nature nor reaſon requires envy, it is properly unnatural; and becauſe unnatural, it works ſuch terrible effects in us. How pale, keen, inhuman, and emaciated, is its look, if the undeſerved indulgence of conſtitution gets not the better of thoſe effects! Now all theſe are demonſtrations of its extreme pain.

Men of imagination therefore have been fond of this ſubject, as painters, poets, hiſtorians: for the imagination delights in extremes; and nothing is more terrible than their deſcriptions of it, but the thing itſelf. A chearful heart does good like a medicine, but envy corrodes like a poiſon: it is ſo ſharp, that it cuts the body which ſheathes it. Nay, it is thought, by ſome, actually to ſend forth its virulence; to ſit viſible in the eyes, and wound its object. Of this opinion ſeems our greateſt Engliſh philoſopher, who aſſigns phyſical reaſons why perſons in joy and triumph are more liable to receive this venom than others. What a wretch muſt the quiver of ſuch arrows be!

Such

Such is the pain of envy, that it made the two greateſt and braveſt men that ever lived weep; it made them ſhed tears, but not of compaſſion, though over the monuments of the dead.

Compaſſion is grieved at others evil, envy at others good. Indignation is grieved that the unworthy proſper, envy that the meritorious proſper alſo. Emulation is grieved at its own wants, envy at the enjoyments of others. Nay, it principally maligns thoſe who deſerve the greateſt praiſe, *viz.* new men, the makers of their own fame and fortune; for riſing glory occaſions the greateſt envy, as kindling fire the greateſt ſmoke. In a word, it is the reverſe of charity; and as that is the ſupreme ſource of pleaſure, ſo this is of pain. This gathers pain, as that gathers pleaſures, from all the felicities that happen to mankind. Nor is it only painful, but ignominious. The moſt imperfect and puſillanimous are moſt ſubject to it: the firſt, becauſe their field for envy is largeſt; the ſecond, becauſe through miſtake, what is little appears great to them, and therefore as the proper object of envy.

Its peculiarities I take to be, firſt, That it ſeeks not (as the other paſſions) good, but evil. Secondly, That this is laſting, the others ſhort. We are angry or aſhamed, we love or fear, for a day or a year; but we envy for life; and I look on it to be the moſt univerſal ſource of happineſs on earth.

It has under its banner, hatred, calumny, treachery, cabal, with the meagerneſs of famine, venom of peſtilence, and rage of war.

Nor are the good and pleaſurable paſſions without their inconveniences and inquietudes, which is a ſubject hitherto, I believe, unhandled. Compaſſion, indignation,

dignation, emulation, hope, nay, and joy itſelf, if fairly examined, would prove this true, without any refinement or affectation of novelty in the attempt.

Firſt, Compaſſion, while it has others miſery in its eye, it has its own in its apprehenſion, and is ſtruck with a quick ſenſe of the obnoxious condition of human nature. Hence it is evident, that fear and ſorrow are included in it; and can there be fear and ſorrow without pain?

Though I know it is diſputed; I venture to affirm, that our compaſſion for others is accompanied with a concern for ourſelves. And I am perſuaded of this, from conſidering the perſons who are moſt and who are leaſt inclined to compaſſion.

The leaſt inclined, are the moſt confirmed in, or the moſt loſt to, happineſs. The firſt are not compaſſionate, becauſe moſt ſecure; the ſecond, becauſe they have felt the worſt. Little ſelf-concern being moved by the miſerable object in theſe men, little compaſſion is moved by it too.

The moſt inclined to it are the timid, and thoſe who have wives, children, and relations. The firſt, becauſe they are more liable to fear for themſelves; the ſecond, becauſe they afford misfortune the largeſt mark.

And all are more compaſſionate toward their equals in age, fortune, birth, qualifications, or manners, than others; becauſe the misfortunes of ſuch are a more direct alarm of fear for themſelves.

Secondly, Indignation. This is a juſt and noble paſſion, and none but the noble-minded feel it. It is a generous zeal for right, an heroic and laudable anger at the proſperity of undeſervers. An anger therefore foreign to the unworthy, baſe, and profligate,

gate, who can conceive no reſentment that men like themſelves proſper. This elevated paſſion has ſometimes a ſeverer pang than is conſiſtent with life. Cato died of it. He thought no man worthy to triumph over liberty and Rome. And that violent deportment ſhewn at his death, which has hitherto been wrongfully imputed to a ferocity of temper, was, I think, owing to this accidental paſſion, which was the cauſe of his death; this fever, this noble inflammation of mind, this indignation for Cæſar's unjuſt ſucceſs. My conjecture clears his character in that reſpect; and makes it more conſiſtent with that humanity, which he, in a peculiar manner, manifeſted on many occaſions in his laudable life, which was worthy of our emulation, though his death was blameable at the beſt.

Thirdly, Emulation is an exalted and glorious paſſion, parent of moſt excellencies in human life. It is enamoured of all virtue and accompliſhment: its generous food is praiſe; its ſublime profeſſion, tranſcendency; and the life it pants after, immortality. It kindles all that is illuſtrious; and, as it were, lights its torch at the ſun. Envy ſeeks others evil, emulation its own good: envy repines at excellence, without imitation; emulation imitates, and rejoices in it. We envy often what we cannot arrive at; we emulate nothing but what we can, or think at leaſt we can, attain. Hence the young and magnanimous are moſt inflamed with emulation; and emulation rather of glory and virtue, than of the goods of the body or fortune, till the world effaces nature's firſt good impreſſion. "Hæc imitamini, (ſays Tully,) per Deos "immortales, hæc ampla ſunt, hæc divina, hæc im-

"mortalia,

" mortalia, hæc fama celebrantur, monumentis an-
" nalium mandantur, poſteritate propagantur.

But though emulation is the purſuit of the moſt amiable things, and that by perſons moſt amiable too, it cannot eſcape in a bad world, where men judge of others by themſelves; being miſtaken for envy, and being treated accordingly. For it has, ſometimes, ſuch a degree of reſemblance, as to give the weak occaſion of error, and the malicious of excuſe. Thus it falls *alieno vulnere*; not to mention its own natural pain, which is at leaſt as uneaſy to the ſoul, as extreme thirſt is to the body. Hope and fear play the heart of emulation with violence; it has its throbs, its paleneſs, and tremblings, when carried to an height.

" ——————*Exultantiaque haurit*
" *Corda pavor pulſans, laudumque arrecta cupido.*"

Fourthly, Hope and joy. Hope feels the ſtings of impatience; which is often ſo vehemently eager, that falling from it into the deſpair of its object, is ſometimes eaſe to the mind. Joy, if moderate, ſcarce breaks through the general diſquiet of life: if immoderate, it is a fever, a tumult, a gay delirium, a tranſport; which ſignifies a man's being beſide or beyond himſelf; and he that is not in poſſeſſion of himſelf, can but ill be ſaid to be in poſſeſſion of any thing elſe: joy in this caſe goes beyond its bounds into an enemy's country, and becomes a pain; as its tears abundantly teſtify. Nor has it fears only, but it is ſometimes mortal.

Hence ſome, nay, moſt philoſophers, have placed our chief good in ſerenity or indolence. But this is a miſtake. Indolence, or reſt, is inconſiſtent with our nature,

nature, and not to be found in heaven itſelf but in a comparative ſenſe. On the contrary, our heaven will conſiſt in a pleaſing motion, a delightful exertion, a tranſporting progreſs to all eternity. Annihilation is the only reſt for man. What therefore we are to aim at, I ſhall ſhew in my ſecond diſcourſe.

To conclude on the paſſions. We conſiſt of ſoul and body; the paſſions are the wants of the ſoul, as the appetites may be called the paſſions of the body. So that we are made up of wants, that is, of pains. Who is almoſt ever free from one paſſion or another? And as paſſions are the pains, (from which they take their very name,) ſo are they the deſtroyers too, of our nature. They pain the whole ſoul, they confound the memory, make wild the imagination, and hurt the underſtanding, like ebriety, which they reſemble in their natural and moral ill conſequences. And becauſe they injure the body alſo, therefore has the phyſician, as well as moraliſt, to do with them; and interdicts them to all thoſe who deſire length of days. Nay, they are more terrible than that death which they haſten; for many have fled to that from the torment of them. It ſeems ſtrangeſt, at firſt ſight, that fear, of all the paſſions, ſhould put on this appearance of courage; but it is ſo far from it, in reality, that no other paſſion ever arrived at ſuicide, but through the ſuggeſtion of this trembler, fear. Men die becauſe they fear life under its preſent ills; whereas true valour meets thoſe ills, whatever they are, with the ſame reſolution with which they meet death.

If this account of the paſſions be juſt, let us turn them againſt themſelves; let us be angry with anger, aſhamed of ſhame, afraid of fear, pity envy, and moderate

derate our fondneſs for love. For ſome are ſo idle, ridiculous, ſhameleſs, as to court the paſſion itſelf; and at a time too, when they have the leaſt probability of ſucceſs. Love, according to the different objects it embraces, like a woman eſpouſed, changes its name, and becomes voluptuouſneſs, ambition, avarice, or vanity: thoſe four predominant impulſes that divide mankind between them; that beat on us, like the four winds of heaven, and keep the reſtleſs world in a perpetual ſtorm.

On this common ſubject I ſhall endeavour to throw ſome new light, by ſhewing that they all act directly counter to their own purpoſes, and are the reverſe of that which they pretend to.

Firſt, The voluptuous. Can this man be unhappy, whoſe ſole aim is pleaſure? whoſe ſtudy is the art, whoſe life is the chace, of delight? He may, he is, nay, he muſt be ſo; becauſe his imagination promiſes much more than ſenſe is able to pay. Hence, he is always diſappointed; but, through ignorance or negligence of the cauſe of it, though always diſappointed he is always expecting; and repeated experience ſerves only to upbraid, not correct, his conduct. And it muſt be ſo: for as every new ſcene of voluptuouſneſs is a new light to his underſtanding, to ſhew the inſufficiency of thoſe ſcenes to his happineſs; ſo is it, alſo, a new blow to his underſtanding, and the rectitude of his will, and weakens his power of reſiſting them. Hence he is reduced to the wretched eſtate of eternally purſuing and eternally condemning the ſame things; than which, nothing more ſevere could be impoſed by the greateſt tyrant, and greateſt foe. 'Tis not in vigorous health, boundleſs fortune, unreſtrained liberty, or that liberty improved by ſkill and

experience into an art of debauchery, to give him ſatisfaction, nay, not to give him inquietude, though virtue, though reaſon did not interpoſe: the body only would find out the vanity, the tædium, the bad effect, of voluptuouſneſs; and bare inſtinct would reproach him with it. His paſt gives regret, his preſent diſſatisfies, and his future deceives: his imagination impoſes on his ſenſes; his ſenſes weaken and vex his underſtanding; and his underſtanding cenſures them both: they perſiſt; that grows peeviſh and impotent. Thus the divided man, like a divided family, is the ſeat of miſery, and object of contempt.

With regard to the chief branch of ſenſuality, and its fatal conſequences, it may be truly ſaid, that nothing is more ſtinging than a bad woman's hatred, except her careſſes; nothing is more to be declined than her deformity, except her charms. But as for a good woman, her price is beyond gold. She is a pillar of reſt.

The man of pleaſure, as the phraſe is, is the moſt ridiculous of all beings: he travels, indeed, with his ribbon, plume, and bells; his dreſs, and his muſic; but through a toilſome and beaten road, and every day nauſeouſly repeats the ſame tract. Throw an eye into the gay world; what ſee we, for the moſt part, but a ſet of querulous, emaciated, fluttering, phantaſtical beings, worn out in the keen purſuit of pleaſure; creatures that know, own, condemn, deplore, yet ſtill purſue, their own infelicity? the decayed monuments of error! the thin remains of what is called delight!

In a word, to ſuppoſe ſenſe alone can make a man happy, is to ſuppoſe reaſon ſuperfluous; which is blaſphemous and abſurd: but ſenſuality brings ſuch a groſſneſs

a groſſneſs on the underſtanding, that this argument will not be ſo much as comprehended by thoſe who have the greateſt need of being affected by it. Now the cauſe of their not comprehending it, is their total inexperience and ignorance of the pleaſures of reaſon: which ignorance proves this gay, this gallant creature, this patron of pleaſures, and profeſſor of delight (what he little ſuſpects), in reality the greateſt niggard in enjoyment, the greateſt ſelf-denier in the world.

Secondly, Ambition. Voluptuouſneſs has its intervals: when ſenſe is ſatisfied, it pauſes for the revival of its flame; like eruptions, it rages and reſts by turns. But ambition, like a conflagration, burns on inceſſant; the more it has, the more it craves; the more it devours, the ſtronger is its fury. Succeſs but ſets it new taſks; and is as ſevere to the ambitious, as misfortune to other men. Every difficulty he cuts off, ſeven riſe in its ſtead: ſo that the character of the moſt ambitious man that ever lived, is a proper motto for all his ſons, whoſe ſport, like the leviathan's, makes a tempeſt, and is the ruin of all about them. "Nil actum reputans, dum quid ſupereſſet agendum." That is, it is their maxim, To know no reſt. How differs, then, ambition from ſlavery? As ſevere exerciſe from hard labour. The thing is the ſame: only here it is neceſſity, and there it is choice; that is, there it is wretchedneſs, and folly too.

The ambitious thinks all happineſs is derived from compariſon, and that higheſt and happieſt is the ſame thing; nor knows, that to be high, is not always to be happy; but to be happy, is always and truly to be high. If his notion is right, how have the wiſeſt of all ages and all nations been miſtaken! Either

they have perſevered in an eternal and obſtinate error, in aſſerting content to be happineſs; or he is not happy at all: for ambition imports an abſence, nay, a diſdain, of content; and indeed it has the glory, if it is a glory, of being far from it. Diſappointment in ſmall things, gives the ambitious no ſmall anxiety; ſucceſs in great, no great ſatisfaction, becauſe there remains ſtill greater things than theſe; and while his heart burns at ſome mighty point in view, it robs him of the reliſh of thoſe conſiderable enjoyments which Nature indulges to the meaneſt of her children. The violence of the ambitious man's deſires ſets him at a diſtance from himſelf; he is never at home to the preſent hour, but reaching and graſping at joys to come; all in poſſeſſion is contemptible. To what amounts then his violent affection for thoſe objects he purſues? To a ſtrenuous endeavour, by making them his own, to render them contemptible as faſt as he can; that is, he ſeeks at once to gain a bleſſing, and to deſtroy it: nor in this only does the ambitious appear to thwart his own purpoſes, as will appear immediately.

But, firſt, let us obſerve that he cannot be extremely happy in the very exerciſe of his dominion, that fulleſt guſt of all his deſires; when he ſtands ſurrounded with many circles of expecting, anxious beings; the whole neſt gaping wide, when he can allay the cravings but of few. He has not morſels for them all. If he has any humanity, it muſt touch it, to ſee himſelf beſieged with eager viſages, ſecret pains, repining hearts, diſappointed hopes, that will ſtrike deep into the peace of families, and carry diſtreſs beyond his knowledge, and perhaps beyond his conception

conception of it. Or if these stings of his fellow-creatures touch him not, he is still more to be pitied.

"Seek not of the Lord pre-eminence, neither of "the king in the seat of honour." But call in the waves of thy desire, climbing over one another for ever: bid thy proud heart be still, and say to it, Hitherto shalt thou go, and no farther; and let it, at least, have the bounds of the ocean, as well as the tumult of it.

What does the ambitious man aim at? At dominion, principality, and power; at governing nations, and making his name great in the earth. And who but the pusillanimous and base shall censure him for this? Whatever his errors are, does he not shew, at least, a grandeur of deportment, and a magnanimity of heart? Neither, but altogether the reverse.

For, first, As to magnanimity. There is a meanness of spirit in passionately desiring those things, the contempt of which requires a greater effort of mind, (that is, a greater magnanimity,) and bestows a fuller happiness, than the possession of them. Magnanimity is a resolution able to comply with the dictates of reason when most difficult; if therefore ambition is unreasonable, (as I have shewn,) it must be pusillanimous. I will not therefore call the ambitious an unhappy or a guilty, (as I might); but, what will touch him nearer, I will call him a little man; and if that does not touch him nearer, it will be a new argument to prove that I call him so with the greatest truth.

As to the second, The grandeur of his deportment; that is, his distance from subjection and servility. What then if it should appear that no man is so much a slave? Dominion over others is indeed his

aim; but by that very aim he moſt effectually ſubjects himſelf to them. Every one that can retard or promote his purpoſes, has an awe over him; is the object of his anxious application, and ſervile fear; diſciplines his deportment, and pains his mind. Not to expect, is the only means to be free: and he is all expectation, that is, all ſlavery; while dominion, nay, becauſe dominion, is his only aim. And thus it fares with all irregular purſuits of happineſs: they contradict the purpoſe of God, and therefore muſt counteract themſelves; for God will not be controuled. He has aſſigned other means of happineſs; and to convince us of it moſt ſtrongly, they that make not uſe of his means, but their own, to that end, ſhall not only fail of it, but their endeavours ſhall be their hindrance, ſhall work them backwards, and ſet them at a greater diſtance from it. Thus the voluptuary juſt mentioned, while he too warmly purſues the objects, moſt effectually blunts, the powers, of appetite. The covetous, while he inordinately deſires to become rich, though he ſucceeds in all his attempts, he fails of his end; nay, fails of it by that ſucceſs: God, to chaſtiſe, and, as it were, to inſult him too, gives him the thing, but with-holds the enjoyment; nay, commands abundance to make him poor. Thus, and thus only, can that miraculous conduct of the covetous be accounted for; of whom,

Thirdly, I am about to ſpeak. The covetous ſtrongly expoſes human nature, by ſhewing us an inſtance in one perſon how much ſhe deſires, and how little ſhe wants. For who ſubſiſts on ſo little who graſps at ſo much? He miſtakes the means for the end; money for enjoyment: nay, the means in his hands makes againſt his end; and the power of enjoying

joying is an inducement to ſelf-denial. The gold that comes into his poſſeſſion but changes its mine, and is further from the light than ever. His impiety and his folly are equally groſs. As to the firſt, he is often in ſcripture called an idolater, becauſe he worſhips his wealth: as to the ſecond, that his idol, like other idols of old, requires ſeverer ſervice of him than the true God, more rigid auſterities than religion enjoins; his toils, his ſelf-denials, his fervent devotion to gain, is greater than that which might carry him to heaven. Covetouſneſs is nothing but the painful art of making induſtry ſinful, wealth indigent, life ſordid, death terrible, and heirs ungrateful, without any manner of guilt.

But to ſet it in the cleareſt and ſhorteſt light: What is wealth? A ſecurity put into our hands, that the enjoyments of this world ſhall be delivered to us whenever we pleaſe, on that title. Now if that title rather denies than gives us thoſe enjoyments, it loſes its nature; it is no longer a title indulged to our neceſſities, but it is a warrant ſerved on our folly, to deliver us over to wretchedneſs, to ſhame, and to want. So that the richeſt miſer has no wealth.

Nothing is ſo ſtrange as man's inextinguiſhable thirſt for more: Nay, he pants after that which he has: for I affirm, that infinite numbers have ſufficient means of happineſs already in their hands, and ſufficient means is what they are reaching after; for who needs more? But men know not what they poſſeſs. How few have made an inventory of their own bleſſings! how few know what they do not want! Hence, *Know thyſelf*, was ſaid to come from heaven: for, without it, no man can be content. Our pains are from our deſires, not from our wants; for

which moſt material truth, I ſhall mention two arguments.

1ſt, If we examine, we ſhall often find, that, after burning with ſome vehement deſire, we are quieted by deſpair, as much, and perhaps more, happily, than we ſhould have been by ſucceſs.

2dly, Let ſome great pain ſeize us in our moſt rapid purſuit after what we imagine eſſential to our peace, and the ceaſing of that ſuperior pain will give us a momentary conviction, that we were really then happy when we thought ourſelves miſerable; but folly ſoon reclaims us as her own.

If we could lay aſide but two things; firſt, our own imagination, which makes us think things neceſſary which are not; ſecondly, our deference for the opinion of the world, which makes us incapable of being happy unleſs we are thought ſo; the majority of mankind would be much happier than they, at preſent, imagine: they would grow rich extempore, and be more indebted to the removal of an error in judgment, than to any poſſible ſucceſs they could have in their purſuits of wealth. Our error in the preſent caſe, as in moſt others, proceeds from partial views, from not taking in the whole. We look only on thoſe above us, which ſtrains our hearts in purſuit, and puts all our faculties painfully on the ſtretch: whereas if we looked on thoſe below us too, it would abate our ferment, remit our painful intention, and inſpire quite new ſentiments of our own ſtate. Now on our ſentiments (which few obſerve) our happineſs depends. It lies in thoughts, and not in things. Things are opaque bodies, which have no light of their own, and are only capable of reflecting to advantage the gaiety beaming on them from our own hearts.

Hence,

Hence, the very unhappy fly public and pompous ſcenes of life; becauſe, while gay to others, they are dark to them, and therefore more provokingly ſo than retreat. It is not the man's buſineſs, who deſires happineſs, to increaſe his riches, but to give his underſtanding ſo juſt a judgment of things, and his affections ſo rational a temper, as to know that he could not be more happy though he were more rich. Nay, ſome have parted with their riches for the ſake of happineſs; but, in this, the faith of annals, in the miſer's opinion, will labour very much.

The foundation of error in this point, is, all our pains and pleaſures are from ſenſe or imagination, and not from reaſon. Now content is an art; "I "have learned to be content," ſays the Apoſtle. Neither nature, nor chance, nor circumſtances, can give it. The whole body of Pagan and Chriſtian ethics are the rules of this art. Now the miſer profeſſes an art directly the reverſe of it. He is wiſe (which is another word for happy, in this caſe,) who can ſay, I have not much, but no man more, for I have all I want. Socrates ſaid with wit, but with judgment too, "He that needs leaſt, is moſt like the gods, who "need nothing."

Fourthly, I am to ſpeak of the vain. This is the moſt diſtinguiſhed ſon of folly, and has the moſt airy happineſs of them all. His brothers before mentioned, though themſelves to be laughed at, laugh at him. He ſeeks his felicity entirely in the opinions of others, and but rarely finds it there; for the world, by his very name, has pronounced againſt him: from the emptineſs of his purſuit, and the thinneſs of his enjoyment, is he called vain. The former wiſh at

leaſt for ſomething ſubſtantial, but his very wiſh is a reproach.

As the too modeſt is pained by being in the public eye, he is pained by being out of it. What a vaſt expence is he at to buy ſpectators! For to what other end is his ſplendid perſon and equipage, his large parks, palaces, rivers, and caſcades? how expenſive! and how uſeleſs! Senſe is too narrow, it wants compaſs to take them in; leſs things would gratify that more. The underſtanding condemns them; childiſh imagination only approves, and that too but for a moment. What are theſe pageantries, but larger toys, with which it plays a while, and then grows weary of them? what are they, but huge monuments of miſtake, ſubjects for popular talk, and an immenſe tax paid for rumour, for ſure it cannot be called fame?

How he gazes on, and touches, and re-touches, and, as it were, ſolicits, his ſhining ornaments to give him ſome extraordinary ſenſation, ſomewhat adequate to the deſire he indulged for, or the expectation he entertained from, them! but in vain. They were much more powerful in idea, than they are in fact. It is falling in love with our own miſtaken ideas that makes fools and beggars of half mankind.

The vain is a beggar of admiration. Begging is an unreputable profeſſion; but as we are dependent beings, we muſt all be beggars in ſome degree. The ſcandal therefore of this practice depends on two things; the character of the perſon from whom, and the value of the things which, we beg. Now the vain begs from all, even the moſt ignoble: and he begs nothing; I mean, what turns to no account. He is more noble that aſks bread, than he who aſks a bow, or the glance of an eye; for that is more worth.

In

In what does this man lay out the faculties of an immortal ſoul? that time on which depends eternity? that eſtate, which, well diſpoſed of, might, in ſome meaſure, purchaſe heaven? What is his ſerious labour, ſubtle machinations, ardent deſire, and reigning ambition?——To be ſeen. This ridiculous, but true anſwer, renders all grave cenſure almoſt ſuperfluous. If the world was filled with ſuch as theſe, all arts, and engines of diſcipline, and of death, for chaſtiſement of offence, might ſeem needleſs; let the law they violate, or the power they offend, but condemn them to retreat.

But to come cloſe to the point. What is it the vain would have? He would be admired; he begs an alms of admiration from every paſſer-by, and his happineſs ſtarves without it. Now, what does this deſire imply? It implies that he cannot be happy without their leave. Thus is he by choice the moſt precarious creature on earth. The moſt precarious is the moſt wretched; and, therefore, the moſt precarious by choice, is the moſt fooliſh too: if any will deny that the moſt precarious being is moſt wretched, let him conſider that the reverſe, the leaſt precarious being, is the moſt happy, for that is God; and the farther we are removed from independency and ſelf-ſufficiency, the farther we are removed from that ſtandard of wiſdom and happineſs.

I ſhall diſmiſs the vain with one obſervation more. We ought particularly to guard againſt this folly, for a reaſon very particular too. Other vices are promoted by vices; but this is often nouriſhed by virtue itſelf.

Thus have I, I think, proved, that the voluptuous is the greateſt ſelf-denier; that the ambitious is the

greateſt ſlave; that the covetous has no wealth; and that the vain, whoſe idol is admiration, is the greateſt object of contempt.

The conſiderations which have been alledged to the diſcredit of human happineſs, have been hitherto drawn from general topics; one remains, that is too peculiar. We have lately loſt our king: that ſad occaſion firſt ſuggeſted this ſubject to me, which now it ſupports with an unwelcome argument; for when our ſovereign fell, nature herſelf emphatically proclaimed, "That all below "was vain." Too powerful a ſupplement to this diſcourſe!

Who then art thou, who ſetteſt thine affections on things below? Art thou greater than the deceaſed? Doſt thou value thyſelf on thy birth? the moſt highly deſcended is no more. Doſt thou value thyſelf on thy riches? the king of Britain is no more. Doſt thou value thyſelf on thy power! the maſter of the ſeas, the arbiter of Europe, is no more. Doſt thou glory in thy conſtancy, humanity, affection to thy friend, or encouragement of arts?——But I forbear. It is ambition to be grateful, when princes beſtow.

How lately were the eyes of all Europe thrown on this great man! for man let me call him now, nor contradict the declaration which his mortality has made. They that find him now, muſt ſeek for him; and ſeek for him in the duſt. What on earth but muſt tell us this world is vain, if thrones declare it? if kings, if Britiſh kings, are demonſtrations of it?

I ſhall offer one obſervation on the death of princes, which is full to my preſent purpoſe. A throne

is the ſhining period, the golden termination, of the worldly man's proſpect; his paſſions affect, his underſtanding conceives, nothing beyond it, or the favours it can beſtow. The ſun, the expanſe of heaven, or what lyes higher, have no luſtre in his ſight, no room in his pre-engaged imagination: it is all a ſuperfluous waſte. When therefore his monarch dies, he is left in darkneſs, his ſun is ſet, it is the night of ambition with him; which naturally damps him into reflection, and fills that reflection with awful thoughts.

With reverence then be it ſpoken, what can God in his ordinary means do more, to turn his affections into their right channel, and ſend them forward to their proper end? Providence, by his king's deceaſe, takes away the very ground on which his deluſion roſe; it ſinks before him; his error is ſupplanted; nor has his folly whereon to ſtand; but muſt return, like the dove in the deluge, to his own boſom again.

By this is he convinced, that his ultimate point of view is not only vain in its nature, but vain in fact; it not only may, but has actually failed. What then is he under a neceſſity of doing, this boundary of his ſight removed? either he muſt look forward (and what is beyond it but God?) or he muſt cloſe his eyes in wilful darkneſs, and ſtill repoſe his truſt in things which he has experienced to be vain. Such accidents, therefore, however fatal to his ſecular, are the mercy of God as to his eternal, intereſt; and ſay with my text, "Set your affections on things above, "and not on things on the earth."

Let us now, from the throne, look back (as from an eminence) on the former part of our journey:

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we have paſſed the ſeveral orders, ages, aims, relations, conſtitutions, tempers, paſſions, with the four great impulſes of mankind, and have found but one report through the ſeveral ſtages of our courſe; the various witneſſes concur, and bring in a full verdict againſt the happineſs of human life. They declare that all mankind is united by miſery, in ſome degree, as by (what is leſs melancholy) the grave, to which it leads.

And can this world enchant us ſtill? and can we be born for this? Is this a ſcene for reaſon, that emanation of Divinity, to doat on? Is this the fortune, this the dower, to which we ſhould wed an immortal ſoul? Where then is the difference between reaſon and abſurdity? between immortality and the beaſts that periſh? Be this their heaven (as properly it is); but not their lord's, but not man's.

I ſhall cloſe this diſcourſe with a picture of life in miniature, that your memories may carry it the better: a picture more melancholy than that of this globe ere well clear of the chaos, or labouring afterwards under all the wrongs and diſgraces that an univerſal deluge could inflict.

*Thoughts with regard to the mind.*

Behold a world! where the inhabitants are not differenced by happineſs and miſery; but only by the different degrees and various colours of miſery univerſal: where the memory is clouded with black ideas of the paſt; the imagination overlooks the preſent; and the underſtanding, through mercy, is blinded to the future: where every paſſion may be called legion, for its evils are many: where men almoſt univerſally lay aſide intellectual pleaſures; are moſt ardent deſirers of happineſs, and yet ſubſiſt it on the moſt

moſt impotent half of their natures: where anxiety of thought damps ſenſual pleaſure, and ſenſual pleaſure increaſes anxiety of thought, and impairs our ſtrength to ſupport it too: where the ſoul and the body are in perpetual hoſtilities, aggrieving each other, and external accidents ſeem ſuperfluous to our miſery. Thus the poor man, like devoted Jeruſalem, beſieged without and divided within, is a complication of infelicities.

*To externals.*

Where ſucceſs muſt be procured by our infinite care, and ruin follows on the contrary; ſo that all the ſad choice indulged to mankind, is, of infinite care, or deſtruction. Beſides, the more we have of credit, wealth, or power, the more we may loſe: nor is any man entirely free from the apprehenſions of it; ſo that our poſſeſſions imply, and provide for, our miſery. Where an independent pleaſure is very ſevere; a dependent, very frail. Where pleaſure often exacts ſuch hardſhips from her votary, that auſterity cannot improve upon them. Where nothing pleaſes but in proſpect; and to pleaſe in proſpect only, is not to diſappoint alone, but to deride us too. Where what exalts the ſpirits ſhortens life by that expence; and what depreſſes, makes the ſhorteſt life too long. Where days are long, yet life is ſhort. Where we ſtand as in a battle, thouſands daily falling round us; and yet we forget our own mortality; nay, are hardened into an inſenſibility of it, by theſe very proofs of its approach; and ſtart, like David, when we hear, "Thou art the man." Where experience, which is truly the greateſt bleſſing of life, is the ſevereſt diſcipline of it too; and diverſion, which is ſuppoſed a bleſſing, only ſignifies, that to ourſelves we

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are inſupportable. Where ſorrow is as the ſtem or root of life: joy, but as its flower; expected at remote ſeaſons only; then often blighted; or if it blooms, it blooming dies. Where all is vexatious, or mixed, or fugitive. Where pains aſſault us, deluſions ſurround us, and terrors hang over us. Where we are reſtleſs in purſuit, diſſatisfied in fruition, and perſecuted with remorſe. Where we are ever purſuing, and ever condemning, the ſame things: ever accuſing hope of its broken faith; and ever truſting on, ever gaſping after, ſenſual enjoyments, and ever impairing our appetite for them. Where objects, as well as appetite, decay; or, if they laſt, laſt not to us, through the fickleneſs of our choice. Where we are yearly burying ſome favourite amuſement or pleaſure; and they that ſucceed are leſs exquiſite, and full as mortal. Where we ſpend moſt of our days in climbing the hill of our fortune, which ſuſpends, by labour, any ſerious thought; and when we have climbed it, and are about to change toil for enjoyment, we ſtart to ſee our grave ſo near as on t'other ſide. Where life with moſt men is to come, till it is paſt.

*To the profeſſions, and nature of things.*

Where the grave employments of mankind are but ſtrenuous follies; nor differenced from thoſe of children, but by their magnitude and their guilt. Where the ſeveral occupations of life are but fortifications againſt want, and often frail ones too. Where, among profeſſions, are the lawyer and the ſoldier, profeſſors of quarrel and death; fortune and life their prey. Where the infirmities of our bodies demand and ſupport one profeſſion; the infirmities of our minds another; and the miſadventures of our fortunes conſtitute an ample portion in the whole world

of

of literature. Where the very elements wage war againſt us, and have their inundation, ſhipwreck, earthquake, famine, peſtilence, volcanos, and conflagration. Where we cannot make way from our doors, but through the cries of indigence or diſeaſe. Where hoſpitals and bedlams are public neceſſaries. Where the very appellations of a large part of mankind cannot be heard without compaſſion; widows! and orphans! Where tears are a diſtinction of the whole ſpecies from other creatures. Where youth often languiſhes like a tempeſt-beaten flower, and age ſhews its injuries like a blaſted oak.

Where hiſtory, for the moſt part, is nothing but a large field of misfortune; and to dip into almoſt any page of it, is to dip into blood; into blood, perſecutions, inquiſitions, treaſons, aſſaſſinations, ſieges, ſervitudes: or if ſometimes a triumph breaks through this general cloud, as lightning through night, it vaniſhes almoſt as ſoon; and while it laſts, it is a proof and memorial of miſery; for what is a triumph, but the gay daughter of deſtruction and death? Where hard-heartedneſs and luſt drinking the tears of believing innocence, and ſelf-deſign and treachery turning every virtue of others to its own intereſt and the good man's ruin (which abounds in every record), makes peace more cruel than war. Where happineſs is ſuch a ſtranger, that for many ages it was *learning* to ſeek the true notion of it: and it was but ſought; it was not found, but revealed at laſt. Where the pomps and prancings of the mighty, are but the trappings of wo. Where the moſt ſhining and envied characters have few of them died a natural death; but furniſh theme of tragedy for ſucceeding generations. Strange! that the

*To hiſtory.*

ſame

ſame perſons ſhould be the objects of our envy and pity too! Strange too! that we ſhould have ſighs ſufficient for more miſeries than our own! Where the moſt happy would not repeat their courſe; and he was juſtly cenſured who wept over his mighty army as mortal, becauſe not one of that numerous hoſt but might probably wiſh, before he found, his end. Where, among the many arguments for a future ſtate, the miſery of this has been moſt ſtrongly and univerſally inſiſted on in all ages; which demonſtrates an acute ſenſe, and too ample a conviction, of it. Where crowns have been often abdicated; how often in our own annals is the palace changed for the cloiſter! Where ſelf-murder, at certain periods, has been a faſhion; nay, very extraordinary methods have been taken to reſtrain even the tender ſex from this horror. Where half the travels that have been undertook, half the deſigns that have been enterpriſed, half the volumes that have been written, have been refuges from uneaſineſs of heart; and the laſt are not more the immortal monuments of human wit, than of human infelicity. Where happineſs is an art, and content is an art; what libraries have been written to teach it! Whatever ſucceſs they have in teaching that, they certainly teach us this, that unhappineſs and diſcontent are natural.

*To friendſhip.*

Where a ſmile is often an ambuſh, as it was on the face of Domitian, on which it ſeldom ſhone but when rancour gathered at his heart. Where enmity is ſincere, friendſhip often a name; and it is ruin to truſt thoſe whom not to truſt is almoſt a crime, as a relation, a friend, a brother! Where many fall from credit, fortune, life, with Cæſar's exclamation, "And this from thee?"

Where

Where provoking our foes has not ruined half ſo many, as confiding in thoſe of a contrary character. He needs no foe who is entirely at the mercy of his friends. Where more hearts pine away in ſecret anguiſh for unkindneſs from thoſe who ſhould be their comforters, than for any other calamity in life. Where bills of mortality would ſcarce be mournful, if bills of private calamity were in uſe. Who has not ſeen, who has not foreſeen, nay, who almoſt has not felt, a bleeding heart? Where evil arts uſurp the name and port of Wiſdom, though ſcarce worthy to be called Cunning. Now cunning is but the top of a fool's character, and wiſdom itſelf is but the bottom or inferior part of the character of an honeſt man. *Nulla bona, niſi honeſta.*

*To family affliction.*

Where the honeſt, confiding heart takes a virgin-flower into his boſom, and often finds a ſting under it. Where the fond mother to day looks with tranſport on the reward of her long labour and painful travail, which changes perhaps to-morrow the cradle for the grave. Where the feeble father follows a favourite, an only daughter, the delight of his eye! the reſt of his age! to her long home, which he perhaps has wiſhed for himſelf in vain; and ſheds thoſe tears on her aſhes, which ſhould expreſs his joy for the happy diſpoſal of her in life: or perhaps the caſe is ſtill worſe; he ſees her youth, and beauty, and innocence, fallen into arms to him more dreadful than thoſe of death. Where the ſon of ſome great houſe, its hope, joy, and ſupport, the ſole heir of riches, titles, and golden ſchemes, falls immaturely, graſped by death, as the pillars were by Samſon; and the whole ſtructure is ſorely ſhaken, if it does not follow on his fall. Where many a numerous

numerous family lives in innocence, peace, plenty, reputation, under the wing of an indulgent, prudent, and induſtrious father: the father dies; they are ſcattered like a ſheaf of corn when the band is broke, and become the prey of guilt, want, anxiety, and ſhame. Where the comforts of life have their pangs; their jars, jealouſies, interruptions, decays, extinction. Where grudge, animoſity, and revenge, wound deep; but deeper (when they wound) relation, friendſhip, love: for love has its barbarities, and frequently may be miſtaken for hatred by its effects. There are ſometimes malignant tempers in families: ſuch domeſtic maladies are like ulcers in the vitals; extremities cannot cure them, they cannot be cut off.

*Mixed thoughts.*

Where the night is an idle dream, and the day little better. Where every one is witneſs or patient of affliction; ever telling ſad tales of others, till he becomes a tale himſelf; the tale of a day! and then is utterly forgotten. *He lived and died*, is an epitaph for much the greateſt part of mankind. Where he that has reached his meridian is one of a thouſand, his friends and relations ly dead around him: half of his converſation is gathered from the tomb. What are the gay, young, beautiful, brave, learned, wiſe, good, in which he once perhaps was rich, what are they? a tear! a ſigh! Where youth has the pain of getting, age of leaving, its riches; affection being rarely ſtrong enough in us to make the parting with them agreeable. Where fears and pangs only give a reliſh of the contrary; and our pleaſure, generally as it riſes from, ſo it ends in, them too. Where the pain of impatience turns us over to the pain of ſatiety, ſcarce divided by the moment of delight. Where pain is oftner ſunk by new pain, than

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healed by ſupervening pleaſure. Where real evils are frequent; imaginary perpetual; and the happieſt thanks ſome other's wretchedneſs, for putting him in mind that he is not the moſt wretched himſelf. Where, I was happy, a few may poſſibly ſay; I ſhall be happy, moſt ſay; I am happy, none: now, if none are happy on the preſent, it is a demonſtration that happineſs is abſent from us all. The preſent is all that our parent nature properly gives us; and that, like peeviſh children, we will not taſte: thus between the law of our condition, and the perverſeneſs of our temper, we have nothing at all; we are very poor, ſubſiſting, or rather ſtarving our thin happineſs on dreams and ſhadows of good to come; perhaps, never to come; certainly never to come proportionate to our conceptions of them. Where man ſnatches ſuch quick and terrible reſentment from the ſmalleſt occaſion, that it reſembles the diſcharge of ordnance at the touch of a reed. Where to have any chance for happineſs, a man muſt poſſeſs the world, or deſpiſe it. Now, the contempt of it, in him that poſſeſſes it not, is a cheat; he does not heartily contemn it; he miſtakes his ill-will for contempt: and, what is as unfortunate, he that poſſeſſes it, does contemn it; but not from wiſdom, but weakneſs, which has not the ſkill to reliſh its enjoyments as they deſerve. Where proud honour ſtands in the place of meek religion; honour that diſdains compulſion; and that, conſequently, muſt ſtand or fall, with inclination and humour: he, therefore, that relies on honour, relies on humour; and he that relies on humour is a fool, and muſt be a wretch in the end. Where the two points the world's wiſe man aims at, are, firſt to get the better of natural inſtinct, ſo as not to be betrayed by it into

into any humanities in which he does not find his own immediate account: ſecondly, to ſurmount the prejudices and timorouſneſs of education, to throw the virtues and vices into one heap, like a man; thence to be drawn out, indifferently, as intereſt directs; intereſt, which is his god; and his bible, the cuſtom of the world. Where many men ſuppoſe you a knave, or conclude you a fool, and call you ſo by their profeſſions of diſintereſted friendſhip; by which they only mean to ſteal your affections, and the good effects of them. Where compaſſion, with ſome, paſſes for weakneſs; and you muſt ſuppreſs your ſighs, as in the theatre, not to be laughed at; he is looked on as an ideot, who is not above being a man. Where men ſeek not the means of ſerving, but an excuſe for not ſerving, others; and words change their nature, and do not reveal, but cover, the mind; the paſſions, themſelves, thoſe betrayers of truth, are taught to act a part; the very eye can lie; and that natural window of the ſoul has a ſkreen before it, that you may not ſee through; he only who diſcovers his own intereſt, gives you a key to his heart. In a word, where the honeſt man (who alone is worthy of good) if he judges of men by himſelf, is undone. This may be called ſatire; but, by the ſame rule, the ſcripture is ſo too. Where to diſſemble injuries is the greateſt ſhock to nature, and ſhame to honour; yet, at the ſame time, the greateſt art of life. Where he that has not learned the world, muſt go out of it, or be a jeſt and an unfortunate in it: he that has learned it, has learned it with diſcipline; and by that time he is well maſter of the game, his candle is put out. It is hard to learn the world, but harder to unlearn it; and not to unlearn it, will, one day, prove more fatal. Where

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we will not believe yeſterday, but hope favourably from to-morrow; as if then there would be a new ſun, a new nature, a new ſelf: they pray for that, who almoſt curſe its fellow. Where ſorrow is fruitleſs, and laughter is mad. Where, at the ſeveral tides of good fortune, the head tells the heart, Well, now we are happy; which the heart ſcarce believes, or believes it implicitly: whenever we ſay to ourſelves, Let us ſit down and enjoy life, we diſcover the cheat, like one deluded by perſpective, by bringing it to the touch. Where multitudes (ſtrange! and ridiculous! but for the horror of it) complain they have nothing to do, when every ſtep is a ſtep towards a grave, every minute an approach to an eternity: beſides, if men well knew the buſineſs of this world, and would acquit themſelves like maſters in it, want of time would be their great complaint. Nay, he that lays down but this one ſimple rule, that he will be in the right whereever he is, or whatever he is about, will never have one idle moment, tho' he has not the important cares of nations, or even of families, on his hands.

Where the paſt is a very dream, and the future a ſore travail. Where the tender mother ſheds tears over her helpleſs infant, and the careful father pours groans over them both; groans conſcious of the preſent, and preſaging of the future. Where ſometimes nations groan, as one man, under a general calamity; nor is the whole earth at all privileged from the ſevere condition of any one nation of it. Where Nature is perpetually pouring her children in vaſt tides out of time into eternity; and the ſurvivers take the evil and refuſe the good; they are but the more melancholy, not the wiſer for it. Where we are born with pain, and

and die with amazement. Where life is the ſlave of miſery; and yet, moſt ſtrange and deplorable! the King of Terrors is Death.

"*Sunt lachrimae rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt.*"

Almoſt the whole book of Eccleſiaſtes might be tranſcribed as a ſcriptural ſupport of what is here ſaid; and its author, it is well known, received wiſdom as an immediate gift from God, in ſuperiority to all the reſt of mankind.

I ſhall conclude, by ſaying what is moſt true, that human life is like a diſhoneſt creditor: it puts off our youth and manhood with lies from day to day; then owns the cheat, and gives our age an abſolute denial.

*The deſcription of human happineſs.*

If this account is juſt, as I think it is, What is human happineſs? A word! a notion! a day-dream! a wiſh! a ſigh! a theme to be talked of! a mark to be ſhot at, but never hit! a picture in the head, and a pang in the heart of man. Wiſdom recommends it gravely, learning talks of it pompouſly, our underſtanding liſtens to it eagerly, our affection purſues it warmly, and our experience deſpairs of it irretrievably. Imagination perſuades ſome that they have found it, but it is while their reaſon is aſleep: pride prevails with others to boaſt of it; but it is only a boaſt, by which they may deceive their neighbours, but not themſelves: felicity of conſtitution, and ſuavity of manners, make the neareſt approach to it; but it is only an approach; fortune, the nature of things, the infirmities of the body, the paſſions of the mind, the dependence on others, the prevalence of vice, the very condition

condition of (uncorrected) humanity, forbids an embrace. Wine, beauty, muſic, pomp, ſtudy, diverſion, buſineſs, wiſdom, all that ſea or land, nature or art, labour or reſt, can beſtow, are but poor expedients to heave off the inſupportable load of an hour from the heart of man; the load of an hour from the heir of an eternity! If the young, or unexperienced, or vain, or profligate only, were ſubject to this weakneſs, it were ſomething: But when the learned, and wiſe, and grave, and grey—it ſhocks! it mortifies! and with ſhame and pity my mind turns from its purpoſe, and goes backward with reverence to throw a veil over the nakedneſs of my father. In a word, the true notion of human happineſs explained, is itſelf one of the ſtrongeſt proofs of our miſery. For how can we ſpeak more adequately of it, than by ſaying, it is that of which our deſpair is as neceſſary as our paſſion for it is vehement and inextinguiſhable? Now ardently to thirſt, and unavoidably to deſpond, with regard to the ſame thing, and that thing of conſequence ſupreme, is the conſummation of infelicity. I know but one ſolid pleaſure in life, and that is our duty. How miſerable then, how unwiſe, how unpardonable, are they who make that one a pain!

The purpoſe of this diſcourſe, as expreſſed in the beginning of it, was to put this world in the balance, and examine the value of things on the earth. Now ſuch as is repreſented, not aggravated, through the whole preceding diſcourſe, is the general ſtate of mankind: but it is a ſtate of their own choice; and it may be, tho' not wholly reverſed, abundantly relieved, exceedingly brightened from the clouds, the thick darkneſs that hangs upon it; as I ſhall endeavour to make

manifeſt in the following diſcourſe * ; and thus vindicate Providence from prevailing imputations ; and by laying the two counter-parts together, infer a true eſtimate of human life.

* The ſecond diſcourſe on this ſubject never appeared.

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# CONJECTURES

ON

# ORIGINAL COMPOSITION.

IN A

# LETTER

TO THE

# AUTHOR

OF

# Sir CHARLES GRANDISON.

*Si habet aliquod tanquam pabulum ſtudii, et doctrinæ, otioſa ſenectute nihil eſt jucundius.* CIC.

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# A LETTER TO THE AUTHOR OF Sir CHARLES GRANDISON.

DEAR SIR,

WE confeſs the follies of youth without a bluſh; not ſo, thoſe of age. However, keep me a little in countenance, by conſidering, that age wants amuſements more, though it can juſtify them leſs, than the preceding periods of life. How you may reliſh the paſtime here ſent you, I know not. It is miſcellaneous in its nature; ſomewhat licentious in its conduct; and, perhaps, not over-important in its end. However, I have endeavoured to make ſome amends, by digreſſing into ſubjects more important,

and more ſuitable to my ſeaſon of life. A ſerious thought ſtanding ſingle among many of a lighter nature, will ſometimes ſtrike the careleſs wanderer after amuſement only, with uſeful awe: as monumental marble ſcattered in a wide pleaſure-garden (and ſuch there are) will call to recollection thoſe who would never have ſought in a church-yard walk of mournful yews.

To one ſuch monument I may conduct you, in which is a hidden luſtre, like the ſepulchral lamps of old; but not like thoſe will this be extinguiſhed, but ſhine the brighter for being produced, after ſo long concealment, into open day.

You remember, that your worthy patron, and our common friend, put ſome queſtions on the ſerious drama, at the ſame time when he deſired our ſentiments on original and on moral compoſition. Tho' I deſpair of breaking through the frozen obſtructions of age, and care's incumbent cloud, into that flow of thought, and brightneſs of expreſſion, which ſubjects ſo polite require; yet will I hazard ſome conjectures on them.

I begin with original compoſition; and the more willingly, as it ſeems an original ſubject to me, who have ſeen nothing hitherto written on it. But, firſt, a few thoughts on compoſition in general. Some are of opinion, that its growth, at preſent, is too luxuriant; and that the preſs is overcharged. Overcharged, I think, it could never be, if none were admitted, but ſuch as brought their imprimatur from ſound underſtanding, and the public good. Wit, indeed, however brilliant, ſhould not be permitted to gaze ſelf-enamoured on its uſeleſs charms, in that fountain of fame, (if ſo I may call the preſs), if beau-

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ty is all that it has to boaſt; but, like the firſt Brutus, it ſhould ſacrifice its moſt darling offspring to the ſacred intereſts of virtue, and real ſervice of mankind.

This reſtriction allowed, the more compoſition the better. To men of letters, and leiſure, it is not only a noble amuſement, but a ſweet of refuge; it improves their parts, and promotes their peace: it opens a back-door out of the buſtle of this buſy and idle world, into a delicious garden of moral and intellectual fruits and flowers; the key of which is denied to the reſt of mankind. When ſtung with idle anxieties, or teazed with fruitleſs impertinence, or yawning over inſipid diverſions, then we perceive the bleſſing of a lettered receſs. With what a guſt do we retire to our diſintereſted and immortal friends in our cloſet; and find our minds, when applied to ſome favourite theme, as naturally and as eaſily quieted and refreſhed, as a peeviſh child (and peeviſh children are we all till we fall aſleep) when laid to the breaſt! Our happineſs no longer lives on charity; nor bids fair for a fall, by leaning on that moſt precarious and thorny pillow, another's pleaſure, for our repoſe. How independent of the world is he, who can daily find new acquaintance, that at once entertain and improve him, in the little world, the minute but fruitful creation of his own mind!

Theſe advantages Compoſition affords us, whether we write ourſelves, or in more humble amuſement peruſe the works of others. While we buſtle thro' the thronged walks of public life, it gives us a reſpite, at leaſt, from care; a pleaſing pauſe of refreſhing recollection. If the country is our choice or fate, there it reſcues us from ſloth and ſenſuality, which, like ob-

ſcene vermin, are apt gradually to creep unperceived into the delightful bowers of our retirement, and to poiſon all its ſweets. Conſcious guilt robs the roſe of its ſcent, the lily of its luſtre; and makes an Eden a deflowered and diſmal ſcene.

Moreover, if we conſider life's endleſs evils, what can be more prudent than to provide for conſolation under them? A conſolation under them the wiſeſt of men have found in the pleaſures of the pen. Witneſs, among many more, Thucydides, Xenophon, Tully, Ovid, Seneca, Pliny the younger, who ſays, "In ux-"oris infirmitate, et amicorum periculo, aut morte "turbatus, ad ſtudia, unicum doloris levamentum, "confugio." And why not add to theſe their modern equals, Chaucer, Raleigh, Bacon, Milton, Clarendon, under the ſame ſhield, unwounded by misfortune, and nobly ſmiling in diſtreſs?

Compoſition was a cordial to theſe under the frowns of Fortune; but evils there are, which her ſmiles cannot prevent, nor cure. Among theſe are the languors of old age. If thoſe are held honourable, who in a hand benumbed by time have graſped the juſt ſword in defence of their country; ſhall they be leſs eſteemed, whoſe unſteady pen vibrates to the laſt, in the cauſe of religion, of virtue, of learning? Both theſe are happy in this, that by fixing their attention on objects moſt important, they eſcape numberleſs little anxieties, and that *tædium vitæ* which often hangs ſo heavy on its evening hours. May not this inſinuate ſome apology for my ſpilling ink, and ſpoiling paper, ſo late in life?

But there are who write with vigour and ſucceſs, to the world's delight, and their own renown. Theſe are the glorious fruits where genius prevails. The mind

mind of a man of genius is a fertile and pleaſant field; pleaſant as Elyſium, and fertile as Tempe; it enjoys a perpetual ſpring. Of that ſpring, originals are the faireſt flowers. Imitations are of quicker growth, but fainter bloom. Imitations are of two kinds; one of nature, one of authors: the firſt we call *originals*, and confine the term *imitation* to the ſecond. I ſhall not enter into the curious inquiry of what is, or is not, ſtrictly ſpeaking, original; content with what all muſt allow, that ſome compoſitions are more ſo than others; and the more they are ſo, I ſay, the better. Originals are, and ought to be, great favourites; for they are great benefactors: they extend the republic of letters, and add a new province to its dominion: imitators only give us a ſort of duplicates of what we had, poſſibly much better, before; increaſing the mere drug of books, while all that makes them valuable, knowledge and genius, are at a ſtand. The pen of an original writer, like Armida's wand, out of a barren waſte calls a blooming ſpring; out of that blooming ſpring an imitator is a tranſplanter of laurels, which ſometimes die on removal, always languiſh in a foreign ſoil.

But ſuppoſe an imitator to be moſt excellent (and ſuch there are), yet ſtill he but nobly builds on another's foundation; his debt is, at leaſt, equal to his glory; which, therefore, on the balance, cannot be very great. On the contrary, an original, though but indifferent, (its originality being ſet aſide), yet has ſomething to boaſt; it is ſomething to ſay with him in Horace,

"*Meo ſum pauper in ære;*"

and to ſhare ambition with no leſs than Cæſar, who declared he had rather be the firſt in a village, than the ſecond at Rome.

Still farther: An imitator ſhares his crown, if he has one, with the choſen object of his imitation; an original enjoys an undivided applauſe. An original may be ſaid to be of a vegetable nature; it riſes ſpontaneouſly from the vital root of genius; it grows, it is not made: imitations are often a ſort of manufacture wrought up by thoſe mechanics art and labour, out of pre-exiſtent materials not their own.

Again: We read imitation with ſomewhat of his languor, who liſtens to a twice-told tale: our ſpirits rouſe at an original; that is a perfect ſtranger, and all throng to learn what news from a foreign land: and though it comes, like an Indian prince, adorned with feathers only, having little weight; yet of our attention it will rob the more ſolid, if not equally new: thus every teleſcope is lifted at a new-diſcovered ſtar; it makes a hundred aſtronomers in a moment, and denies equal notice to the ſun. But if an original, by being as excellent as new, adds admiration to ſurpriſe, then are we at the writer's mercy; on the ſtrong wing of his imagination, we are ſnatched from Britain to Italy, from climate to climate, from pleaſure to pleaſure; we have no home, no thought of our own, till the magician drops his pen; and then falling down into ourſelves, we awake to flat realities, lamenting the change, like the beggar who dreamed himſelf a prince.

It is with thoughts as it is with words, and with both as with men; they may grow old, and die. Words tarniſhed, by paſſing through the mouths of the vulgar, are laid aſide as inelegant and obſolete;

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ſo thoughts, when become too common, ſhould loſe their currency; and we ſhould ſend new metal to the mint; that is, new meaning to the preſs. The diviſion of tongues at Babel did not more effectually debar men from "making themſelves a name," (as the Scripture ſpeaks), than the too great concurrence or union of tongues will do for ever. We may as well grow good by another's virtue, or fat by another's food, as famous by another's thought. The world will pay its debt of praiſe but once; and inſtead of applauding, explode a ſecond demand as a cheat.

If it is ſaid, that moſt of the Latin claſſics, and all the Greek, except, perhaps, Homer, Pindar, and Anacreon, are in the number of imitators, yet receive our higheſt applauſe; our anſwer is, that they, though not real, are accidental originals: the works they imitated, few excepted, are loſt; they, on their father's deceaſe, enter as lawful heirs on their eſtates in Fame: the fathers of our copyiſts are ſtill in poſſeſſion, and ſecured in it, in ſpite of Goths, and flames, by the perpetuating power of the preſs. Very late muſt a modern imitator's fame arrive, if it waits for their deceaſe.

An original enters early on reputation: Fame, fond of new glories, ſounds her trumpet in triumph at its birth; and yet how few are awakened by it into the noble ambition of like attempts! Ambition is ſometimes no vice in life; it is always a virtue in compoſition. High in the towering Alps is the fountain of the Po; high in fame, and in antiquity, is the fountain of an imitator's undertaking; but the river, and the imitation, humbly creep along the vale. So few are originals, that, if all other books were to be burnt,

the lettered world would reſemble ſome metropolis in flames, where a few incombuſtible buildings, a fortreſs, temple, or tower, lift their heads, in melancholy grandeur, amid the mighty ruin. Compared with this conflagration, old Omar lighted up but a ſmall bonfire, when he heated the baths of the barbarians, for eight months together, with the famed Alexandrian library's ineſtimable ſpoils, that no profane book might obſtruct the triumphant progreſs of his holy Alcoran round the globe.

But why are originals ſo few? Not becauſe the writer's harveſt is over, the great reapers of antiquity having left nothing to be gleaned after them; nor becauſe the human mind's teeming time is paſt, or becauſe it is incapable of putting forth unprecedented births; but becauſe illuſtrious examples engroſs, prejudice, and intimidate. They engroſs our attention, and ſo prevent a due inſpection of ourſelves; they prejudice our judgment in favour of their abilities, and ſo leſſen the ſenſe of our own; and they intimidate us with the ſplendor of their renown, and thus under diffidence bury our ſtrength. Nature's impoſſibilities, and thoſe of diffidence, ly wide aſunder.

Let it not be ſuſpected, that I would weakly inſinuate any thing in favour of the moderns, as compared with ancient authors; no, I am lamenting their great inferiority. But I think it is no neceſſary inferiority; that it is not from divine deſtination, but from ſome cauſe far beneath the moon *: I think that human ſouls, through all periods, are equal; that due care, and exertion, would ſet us nearer our immortal predeceſſors than we are at preſent; and he who que-

* Inquiry into the life of Homer p. 76.

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ſtions and confutes this, will ſhow abilities not a little tending toward a proof of that equality which he denies.

After all, the firſt ancients had no merit in being originals: they could not be imitators. Modern writers have a choice to make; and therefore have a merit in their power. They may ſoar in the regions of liberty, or move in the ſoft fetters of eaſy imitation; and imitation has as many plauſible reaſons to urge, as Pleaſure had to offer to Hercules. Hercules made the choice of an hero and ſo became immortal.

Yet let not aſſertors of claſſic excellence imagine, that I deny the tribute it ſo well deſerves. He that admires not ancient authors, betrays a ſecret he would conceal, and tells the world that he does not underſtand them. Let us be as far from neglecting as from copying their admirable compoſitions: ſacred be their rights, and inviolable their fame. Let our underſtanding feed on theirs; they afford the nobleſt nouriſhment: but let them nouriſh, not annihilate, our own. When we read, let our imagination kindle at their charms; when we write, let our judgment ſhut them out of our thoughts: treat even Homer himſelf, as his royal admirer was treated by the cynic; bid him ſtand aſide, nor ſhade our compoſition from the beams of our own genius; for nothing original can riſe, nothing immortal can ripen, in any other ſun.

Muſt we then (you ſay) not imitate ancient authors? Imitate them, by all means; but imitate aright. He that imitates the divine Iliad, does not imitate Homer; but he who takes the ſame method which Homer took, for arriving at a capacity of accompliſhing

ing a work ſo great. Tread in his ſteps to the ſole fountain of immortality; drink where he drank, at the true Helicon, that is, at the breaſt of nature: imitate; but imitate not the compoſition, but the man. For may not this paradox paſs into a maxim? *viz.* "The leſs we copy the renowned ancients, we ſhall "reſemble them the more."

But poſſibly you may reply, that you muſt either imitate Homer, or depart from nature. Not ſo: for ſuppoſe you was to change place, in time, with Homer; then, if you write naturally, you might as well charge Homer with an imitation of you. Can you be ſaid to imitate Homer for writing ſo as you would have written if Homer had never been? As far as a regard to nature and ſound ſenſe will permit a departure from your great predeceſſors; ſo far, ambitiouſly, depart from them: the farther from them in ſimilitude, the nearer are you to them in excellence: you riſe by it into an original; become a noble collateral, not an humble deſcendent from them. Let us build our compoſitions with the ſpirit, and in the taſte, of the ancients; but not with the materials: thus will they reſemble the ſtructures of Pericles at Athens, which Plutarch commends for having had an air of antiquity as ſoon as they were built. All eminence, and diſtinction, lyes out of the beaten road; excurſion and deviation are neceſſary to find it, and the more remote your path from the high-way, the more reputable; if, like poor Gulliver (of whom anon) you fall not into a ditch, in your way to glory.

What glory to come near, what glory to reach, what glory (preſumptuous thought!) to ſurpaſs our predeceſſors! And is that then in nature abſolutely impoſſible? Or is it not, rather, contrary to nature

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to fail in it? Nature herſelf ſets the ladder; all wanting, is our ambition to climb: for by the bounty of nature we are as ſtrong as our predeceſſors; and by the favour of time (which is but another round in nature's ſcale) we ſtand on higher ground. As to the firſt: Were they more than men? or are we leſs? Are not our minds caſt in the ſame mould with thoſe before the flood? the flood affected matter; mind eſcaped. As to the ſecond: Though we are moderns, the world is an ancient; more ancient far, than when they, whom we moſt admire, filled it with their fame. Have we not their beauties, as ſtars to guide; their defects, as rocks to be ſhunned; the judgment of ages on both, as a chart to conduct, and a ſure helm to ſteer us in our paſſage to greater perfection than theirs? And ſhall we be ſtopped in our rival pretenſions to fame by this juſt reproof?

"*Stat contra, dicitque tibi tua pagina, Fur es.*" MART.

It is by a ſort of noble contagion, from a general familiarity with their writings, and not by any particular ſordid theft, that we can be the better for thoſe who went before us. Hope we from plagiariſm any dominion in literature, as that of Rome aroſe from a neſt of thieves?

Rome was a powerful ally to many ſtates: ancient authors are our powerful allies; but we muſt take heed that they do not ſuccour, till they enſlave, after the manner of Rome. Too formidable an idea of their ſuperiority, like a ſpectre, would fright us out of a proper uſe of our wits; and dwarf our underſtandings, by making a giant of theirs. Too great awe for them lays genius under reſtraint, and denies it that

that free ſcope, that full elbow-room, which is requiſite for ſtriking its moſt maſterly ſtrokes. Genius is maſter-workman: learning is but an inſtrument; and an inſtrument, though moſt valuable, yet not always indiſpenſable. Heaven will not admit of a partner in the accompliſhment of ſome favourite ſpirits; but, rejecting all human means, aſſumes the whole glory to itſelf. Have not ſome, though not famed for erudition, ſo written, as almoſt to perſuade us, that they ſhone brighter, and ſoared higher, for eſcaping the boaſted aid of that proud ally!

Nor is it ſtrange; for what, for the moſt part, mean we by genius, but the power of accompliſhing great things without the means generally reputed neceſſary to that end? A genius differs from a good underſtanding, as a magician from a good architect: that raiſes his ſtructure by means inviſible; this, by the ſkilful uſe of common tools. Hence genius has ever been ſuppoſed to partake of ſomething divine. "Nemo unquam vir magnus fuit, ſine aliquo afflatu "divino."

Learning, deſtitute of this ſuperior aid, is fond, and proud, of what has coſt it much pains; is a great lover of rules, and boaſter of famed examples: as beauties leſs perfect, who owe half their charms to cautious art, learning inveighs againſt natural unſtudied graces and ſmall harmleſs inaccuracies, and ſets rigid bounds to that liberty to which genius often owes its ſupreme glory, but the no-genius its frequent ruin: for unpreſcribed beauties, and unexampled excellence, which are characteriſtics of genius, lie without the pale of learning's authorities and laws; which pale genius muſt leap, to come at them: but by that leap, if genius is wanting, we break our necks;

necks; we loſe that little credit, which poſſibly we might have enjoyed before: for rules, like crutches, are a needful aid to the lame, though an impediment to the ſtrong. A Homer caſt them away; and, like his Achilles,

*Jura negat ſibi nata, nihil non arrogat,*

by native force of mind. There is ſomething in poetry beyond proſe-reaſon: there are myſteries in it not to be explained, but admired; which render mere proſe-men infidels to their divinity. And here pardon a ſecond paradox, *viz.* "Genius often then de-"ſerves moſt to be praiſed, when it is moſt ſure to be "condemned; that is, when its excellence, from "mounting high, to weak eyes is quite out of ſight."

If I might ſpeak farther of learning and genius, I would compare genius to virtue, and learning to riches. As riches are moſt wanted where there is leaſt virtue, ſo learning where there is leaſt genius. As virtue without much riches can give happineſs, ſo genius without much learning can give renown. As it is ſaid in Terence, "Pecuniam negligere inter-"dum maximum eſt lucrum;" ſo to a neglect of learning, genius ſometimes owes its greater glory. Genius, therefore, leaves but the ſecond place, among men of letters, to the learned. It is their merit, and ambition, to fling light on the works of genius, and point out its charms. We moſt juſtly reverence their informing radius for that favour; but we muſt much more admire the radiant ſtars pointed out by them.

A ſtar of the firſt magnitude among the Moderns was Shakeſpear; among the Ancients, Pindar; who

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(as Voſſius tells us) boaſted of his no-learning, calling himſelf the Eagle, for his flight above it. And ſuch genii as theſe may, indeed, have much reliance on their own native powers. For genius may be compared to the natural ſtrength of the body; learning to the ſuperinduced accoutrements of arms: if the firſt is equal to the propoſed exploit, the latter rather encumbers, than aſſiſts; rather retards, than promotes the victory. "Sacer nobis ineſt deus," ſays Seneca. With regard to the moral world, conſcience; with regard to the intellectual, genius, is that god within. Genius can ſet us right in compoſition, without the rules of the learned; as conſcience ſets us right in life, without the laws of the land: this, ſingly, can make us good, as men; that, ſingly, as writers, can, ſometimes, make us great.

I ſay, ſometimes; becauſe there is a genius which ſtands in need of learning to make it ſhine. Of genius there are two ſpecies; an earlier, and a later: or call them infantine, and adult. An adult genius comes out of Nature's hand, as Pallas out of Jove's head, at full growth, and mature: Shakeſpear's genius was of this kind. On the contrary, Swift ſtumbled at the threſhold, and ſet out for diſtinction on feeble knees; he was an infantine genius; a genius which, like other infants, muſt be nurſed and educated, or it will come to nought: learning is its nurſe and tutor; but this nurſe may overlay with an indigeſted load, which ſmothers common ſenſe; and this tutor may miſlead, with pedantic prejudice, which vitiates the beſt underſtanding. As too great admirers of the fathers of the church have ſometimes ſet up their authority againſt the true ſenſe of the ſcripture; ſo too great admirers of the claſſical fathers have

have ſometimes ſet up their authority, or example, againſt reaſon.

" *Neve minor, neu ſit quinto productior actu*
" *Fabula.*"

So ſays Horace, ſo ſays ancient example. But reaſon has not ſubſcribed. I know but one book that can juſtify our implicit acquieſcence in it: and (by the way) on that book a noble diſdain of undue deference to prior opinion has lately caſt, and is ſtill caſting, a new and ineſtimable light.

But, ſuperſtition for our predeceſſors ſet aſide, the claſſics are for ever our rightful and revered maſters in compoſition, and our underſtandings bow before them. But when? when a maſter is wanted; which ſometimes, as I have ſhown, is not the caſe. Some are pupils of Nature only, nor go farther to ſchool. From ſuch we reap often a double advantage; they not only rival the reputation of the great ancient authors, but alſo reduce the number of mean ones among the moderns. For when they enter on ſubjects which have been in former hands, ſuch is their ſuperiority, that, like a tenth wave, they overwhelm and bury in oblivion all that went before: and thus not only enrich and adorn, but remove a load, and leſſen the labour of the lettered world.

" But, (ſay you,) ſince originals can ariſe from " genius only, and ſince genius is ſo very rare, it is " ſcarce worth while to labour a point ſo much, from " which we can reaſonably expect ſo little." To ſhow that genius is not ſo very rare as you imagine, I ſhall point out ſtrong inſtances of it in a far diſtant quarter from that mentionod above. The minds of the

the ſchoolmen were almoſt as much cloiſtered as their bodies; they had but little learning and few books; yet may the moſt learned be ſtruck with ſome aſtoniſhment at their ſo ſingular natural ſagacity, and moſt exquiſite edge of thought. Who would expect to find Pindar and Scotus, Shakeſpear and Aquinas, of the ſame party? Both equally ſhow an original, unindebted energy: the *vigor igneus*, and *cæleſtis origo*, burns in both; and leaves us in doubt whether genius is more evident in the ſublime flights and beauteous flowers of poetry, or in the profound penetration, and marvellous keen and minute diſtinctions, called the thorns of the ſchools. There might have been more able conſuls called from the plough, than ever arrived at that honour: many a genius, probably, there has been, which could neither write nor read. So that genius, that ſupreme luſtre of literature, is leſs rare than you conceive.

By the praiſe of genius we detract not from learning; we detract not from the value of gold, by ſaying that diamond is greater ſtill. He who diſregards learning, ſhows that he wants its aid: and he that overvalues it, ſhows that its aid has done him harm. Overvalued indeed it cannot be, if genius, as to compoſition, is valued more. Learning we thank, genius we revive; that gives us pleaſure, this gives us rapture; that informs, this inſpires; and is itſelf inſpired; for genius is from heaven, learning from man: this ſets us above the low, and illiterate; that, above the learned, and polite. Learning is borrowed knowledge; genius is knowledge innate, and quite our own. Therefore, as Bacon obſerves, it may take a nobler name, and be called wiſdom; in which ſenſe of wiſdom, ſome are born wiſe.

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But here a caution is neceſſary againſt the moſt fatal of errors in thoſe automaths, thoſe ſelf-taught philoſophers of our age, who ſet up genius, and often mere fancied genius, not only above human learning, but divine truth. I have called genius wiſdom; but let it be remembered, that in the moſt renowned ages of the moſt refined heathen wiſdom (and theirs is not Chriſtian) "the world by wiſdom knew not God, "and it pleaſed God by the fooliſhneſs of preaching "to ſave thoſe that believed." In the fairy-land of fancy, genius may wander wild; there it has a creative power, and may reign arbitrarily over its own empire of chimeras. The wide field of nature alſo lies open before it, where it may range unconfined, make what diſcoveries it can, and ſport with its infinite objects uncontrouled, as far as viſible nature extends, painting them as wantonly as it will: but what painter of the moſt unbounded and exalted genius can give us the true portrait of a ſeraph? He can give us only what by his own or others eyes has been ſeen; though that indeed infinitely compounded, raiſed, burleſqued, diſhonoured, or adorned. In like manner, who can give us divine truth unrevealed? much leſs ſhould any preſume to ſet aſide divine truth when revealed, as incongruous to their own ſagacities.—Is this too ſerious for my ſubject? I ſhall be more ſo before I cloſe.

Having put in a caveat againſt the moſt fatal of errors, from the too great indulgence of genius, return we now to that too great ſuppreſſion of it which is detrimental to compoſition, and endeavour to reſcue the writer as well as the man. I have ſaid, that ſome are born wiſe; but they, like thoſe that are born rich, by neglecting the cultivation and produce of their

their own poſſeſſions, and by running in debt, may be beggared at laſt, and loſe their reputations, as younger brothers eſtates, not by being born with leſs abilities than the rich heir, but at too late an hour.

Many a great man has been loſt to himſelf and the public, purely becauſe great ones were born before him. Hermias, in his collections on Homer's blindneſs, ſays, that Homer, requeſting the gods to grant him a ſight of Achilles, that hero roſe, but in armour ſo bright, that it ſtruck Homer blind with the blaze. Let not the blaze of even Homer's muſe darken us to the diſcernment of our own powers; which may poſſibly ſet us above the rank of imitators; who though moſt excellent, and even immortal (as ſome of them are), yet are ſtill but *dii minorum gentium*, nor can expect the largeſt ſhare of incenſe, the greateſt profuſion of praiſe, on their ſecondary altars.

But farther ſtill: A ſpirit of imitation hath many ill effects; I ſhall confine myſelf to three. Firſt, It deprives the liberal and politer arts of an advantage which the mechanic enjoy: in theſe, men are ever endeavouring to go beyond their predeceſſors; in the former, to follow them. And ſince copies ſurpaſs not their originals, as ſtreams riſe not higher than their ſpring, rarely ſo high; hence, while arts mechanic are in perpetual progreſs and increaſe, the liberal are in retrogradation and decay. Theſe reſemble pyramids, are broad at bottom, but leſſen exceedingly as they riſe; thoſe reſemble rivers, which, from a ſmall fountain-head, are ſpreading ever wider and wider as they run. Hence it is evident, that different portions of underſtanding are not (as ſome imagine) allotted to different periods of time; for we ſee, in the ſame period, underſtanding riſing in one

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ſet of artiſts, and declining in another. Therefore nature ſtands abſolved, and our inferiority in compoſition muſt be charged on ourſelves.

Nay, ſo far are we from complying with a neceſſity which nature lays us under, that, ſecondly, by a ſpirit of imitation we counteract nature, and thwart her deſign. She brings us into the world all originals; no two faces, no two minds, are juſt alike; but all bear nature's evident mark of ſeparation on them. Born originals, how comes it to paſs that we die copies? That meddling ape Imitation, as ſoon as we come to years of indiſcretion (ſo let me ſpeak,) ſnatches the pen, and blots out nature's mark of ſeparation, cancels her kind intention, deſtroys all mental individuality; the lettered world no longer conſiſts of ſingulars, it is a medley, a maſs; and a hundred books at bottom are but one. Why are monkies ſuch maſters of mimickry? why receive ſuch a talent of imitation? Is it not as the Spartan ſlaves received a licence for ebriety, that their betters might be aſhamed of it?

The third fault to be found with a ſpirit of imitation is, that with great incongruity it makes us poor, and proud; makes us think little, and write much; gives us huge folios, which are little better than more reputable cuſhions to promote our repoſe. Have not ſome ſevenfold volumes put us in mind of Ovid's ſevenfold channel of the Nile at the conflagration;

"*Oſtia ſeptem*
"*Pulverulenta vacant ſeptem ſine flumine valles.*"

Such leaden labours are like Lycurgus's iron money, which was ſo much leſs in value than in bulk, that it required

required barns for ſtrong-boxes, and a yoke of oxen to draw five-hundred pounds.

But notwithſtanding theſe diſadvantages of imitation, imitation muſt be the lot (and often an honourable lot it is) of moſt writers. If there is a famine of invention in the land, like Joſeph's brethren, we muſt travel far for food; we muſt viſit the remote and rich ancients: but an inventive genius may ſafely ſtay at home; that, like the widow's cruſe, is divinely repleniſhed from within, and affords us a miraculous delight. Whether our own genius be ſuch, or not, we diligently ſhould inquire, that we may not go a-begging with gold in our purſe: for there is a mine in man which muſt be deeply dug, ere we can conjecture its contents. Another often ſees that in us which we ſee not ourſelves; and may there not be that in us which is unſeen by both? That there may, chance often diſcovers, either by a luckily choſen theme, or a mighty premium, or an abſolute neceſſity of exertion, or a noble ſtroke of emulation from another's glory; as that on Thucydides, from hearing Herodotus repeat part of his hiſtory on the Olympic games: had there been no Herodotus, there might have been no Thucydides; and the world's admiration might have begun at Livy, for excellence in that province of the pen. Demoſthenes had the ſame ſtimulation on hearing Calliſtratus; or Tully might have been the firſt of conſummate renown at the bar.

Quite clear of the diſpute concerning ancient and modern learning, we ſpeak not of performance, but powers. The modern powers are equal to thoſe before them; modern performance in general is deplorably ſhort. How great are the names juſt mentioned?

ed? Yet who will dare affirm, that as great may not riſe up in ſome future, or even in the preſent, age? Reaſons there are why talents may not appear, none why they may not exiſt as much in one period as another: an evocation of vegetable fruits depends on rain, air, and ſun; an evocation of the fruits of genius no leſs depends on externals. What a marvellous crop bore it in Greece and Rome: and what a marvellous ſunſhine did it there enjoy! what encouragement from the nature of their governments, and the ſpirit of their people! Virgil and Horace owed their divine talents to Heaven; their immortal works to men: thank Mæcenas and Auguſtus for them. Had it not been for theſe, the genius of thoſe poets had lain buried in their aſhes. Athens expended on her theatre, painting, ſculpture, and architecture, a tax levied for the ſupport of a war. Cæſar dropped his papers when Tully ſpoke; and Philip trembled at the voice of Demoſthenes. And has there ariſen but one Tully, one Demoſthenes, in ſo long a courſe of years? The powerful eloquence of them both in one ſtream, ſhould never bear me down into the melancholy perſuaſion, that ſeveral have not been born, though they have not emerged. The ſun as much exiſts in a cloudy day as in a clear; it is outward, accidental circumſtances, that with regard to genius, either in nation, or age,

"*Collectas fugat nubes, ſolemque reducit.*" VIRG.

As great, perhaps greater, than thoſe mentioned (preſumptuous as it may ſound) may poſſibly ariſe; for who hath fathomed the mind of man? Its bounds are as unknown as thoſe of the creation; ſince the

birth of which, perhaps, not one has ſo far exerted, as not to leave his poſſibilities beyond his attainments, his powers beyond his exploits. Forming our judgments altogether by what has been done, without knowing, or at all inquiring, what poſſibly might have been done, we naturally enough fall into too mean an opinion of the human mind. If a ſketch of the divine Iliad before Homer wrote, had been given to mankind by ſome ſuperior being, or otherwiſe, its execution would probably have appeared beyond the power of man: now, to ſurpaſs it we think impoſſible. As the firſt of theſe opinions would evidently have been a miſtake, why may not the ſecond be ſo too? Both are founded on the ſame bottom; on our ignorance of the poſſible dimenſions of the mind of man.

Nor are we only ignorant of the dimenſions of the human mind in general, but even of our own. That a man may be ſcarce leſs ignorant of his own powers, than an oyſter of its pearl, or a rock of its diamond; that he may poſſeſs dormant, unſuſpected abilities, till awakened by loud calls, or ſtung up by ſtriking emergencies, is evident from the ſudden eruption of ſome men out of perfect obſcurity, into public admiration, on the ſtrong impulſe of ſome animating occaſion; not more to the world's great ſurpriſe, than their own. Few authors of diſtinction but have experienced ſomething of this nature, at the firſt beamings of their yet unſuſpected genius on their hitherto dark compoſition; the writer ſtarts at it, as at a lucid meteor in the night; is much ſurpriſed; can ſcarce believe it true. During his happy confuſion, it may be ſaid to him as to Eve at the lake,

" *What*

"*What there thou ſeeſt, fair creature, is thyſelf.*"
MILT.

Genius, in this view, is like a dear friend in our company under diſguiſe; who, while we are lamenting his abſence, drops his maſk, ſtriking us, at once, with equal ſurpriſe and joy. This ſenſation, which I ſpeak of in a writer, might favour, and ſo promote, the fable of poetic inſpiration; a poet of a ſtrong imagination, and ſtronger vanity, on feeling it, might naturally enough realize the world's mere compliment, and think himſelf truly inſpired: which is not improbable; for enthuſiaſts of all kinds do no leſs.

Since it is plain that men may be ſtrangers to their own abilities, and by thinking meanly of them without juſt cauſe, may poſſibly loſe a name, perhaps a name immortal, I would find ſome means to prevent theſe evils. Whatever promotes virtue, promotes ſomething more, and carries its good influence beyond the moral man: to prevent theſe evils, I borrow two golden rules from ethics, which are no leſs golden in compoſition than in life: 1ſt, Know thyſelf; 2dly, Reverence thyſelf. I deſign to repay ethics in a future letter, by two rules from rhetoric for its ſervice.

1ſt, Know thyſelf. Of ourſelves it may be ſaid, as Martial ſays of a bad neighbour,

"*Nil tam prope, proculque nobis.*"

Therefore dive deep into thy boſom; learn the depth, extent, bias, and full force of thy mind; contract full intimacy with the ſtranger within thee; excite and cheriſh every ſpark of intellectual light and heat, how-

ever ſmothered under former negligence, or ſcattered thro' the dull dark maſs of common thoughts; and collecting them into a body, let thy genius riſe (if a genius thou haſt) as the ſun from chaos; and if I ſhould then ſay, like an Indian, Worſhip it, (though too bold), yet ſhould I ſay little more than my ſecond rule enjoins, *(viz.)* Reverence thyſelf.

That is, let not great examples or authorities brow-beat thy reaſon into too great a diffidence of thyſelf: thyſelf ſo reverence, as to prefer the native growth of thy own mind to the richeſt import from abroad: ſuch borrowed riches make us poor. The man who thus reverences himſelf, will ſoon find the world's reverence to follow his own. His works will ſtand diſtinguiſhed; his the ſole property of them; which property alone can confer the noble title of an Author; that is, of one who (to ſpeak accurately) thinks, and compoſes; while other invaders of the preſs, how voluminous and learned ſoever, (with due reſpect be it ſpoken) only read and write.

This is the difference between thoſe two luminaries in literature, the well-accompliſhed ſcholar, and the divinely-inſpired enthuſiaſt: the firſt is as the bright morning-ſtar; the ſecond, as the riſing ſun. The writer who neglects theſe two rules above, will never ſtand alone; he makes one of a group, and thinks in wretched unanimity with the throng: incumbered with the notions of others, and impoveriſhed by their abundance, he conceives not the leaſt embryo of new thought; opens not the leaſt viſta through the gloom of ordinary writers, into the bright walks of rare imagination and ſingular deſign. While the true genius is croſſing all public roads into freſh untrodden ground; he, up to the knees in antiquity, is treading

treading the ſecret footſteps of great examples, with the blind veneration of a bigot ſaluting the papal toe; comfortably hoping full abſolution for the ſins of his own underſtanding, from the powerful charm of touching his idol's infallibility.

Such meanneſs of mind, ſuch proſtration of our own powers, proceeds from too great admiration of others. Admiration has generally a degree of two very bad ingredients in it; of ignorance, and of fear: and does miſchief in compoſition, and in life. Proud as the world is, there is more ſuperiority in it given than aſſumed; and its grandees of all kinds owe more of their elevation to the littleneſs of others minds, than to the greatneſs of their own. Were not proſtrate ſpirits their voluntary pedeſtals, the figure they make among mankind would not ſtand ſo high. Imitators and tranſlators are ſomewhat of the pedeſtal kind, and ſometimes rather raiſe their original's reputation, by ſhowing him to be by them inimitable, than their own. Homer has been tranſlated into moſt languages: Ælian tells us, that the Indians (hopeful tutors!) have taught him to ſpeak their tongue. What expect we from them? Not Homer's Achilles; but ſomething, which, like Patroclus, aſſumes his name, and, at his peril, appears in his ſtead: nor expect we Homer's Ulyſſes, glorioufly burſting out of his cloud into royal grandeur; but an Ulyſſes under diſguiſe, and a beggar to the laſt. Such is that inimitable father of poetry, and oracle of all the wiſe, whom Lycurgus tranſcribed, and for an annnal public recital of whoſe works Solon enacted a law, that it is much to be feared, that his ſo numerous tranſlations are but as the poliſhed teſtimonials

als of ſo many nations and ages, that this author ſo divine is untranſlated ſtill.

But here,

" —— *Cynthius aurem*
" *Vellit;*—— VIRG.

and demands juſtice for his favourite, and ours. Great things he has done; but he might have done greater. What a fall is it from Homer's numbers, free as air, lofty and harmonious as the ſpheres, into childiſh ſhackles, and tinkling ſounds! But, in his fall, he is ſtill great——

" ——" *Nor appears*
" *Leſs than archangel ruin'd, and th' exceſs*
" *Of glory' obſcur'd.*"—— MILT.

Had Milton never wrote, Pope had been leſs to blame; but when in Milton's genius, Homer as it were perſonally roſe to forbid Britons doing him that ignoble wrong; it is leſs pardonable, by that effeminate decoration, to put Achilles in petticoats a ſecond time. How much nobler had it been, if his numbers had rolled on in full flow, through the various modulations of maſculine melody, into thoſe grandeurs of ſolemn ſound, which are indiſpenſibly demanded by the native dignity of heroic ſong! how much nobler, if he had reſiſted the temptation of that Gothic dæmon, which modern poeſy taſting, became mortal! O how unlike the deathleſs, divine harmony of three great names (how juſtly joined!) of Milton, Greece, and Rome! His verſe, but for this little ſpeck of mortality in its extreme parts, as his hero had

had in his heel, like him had been invulnerable and immortal. But, unfortunately, that was undipt in Helicon; as this, in Styx. Harmony, as well as eloquence, is eſſential to poeſy; and a murder of his muſic is putting half Homer to death. Blank is a term of diminution: what we mean by blank verſe, is, verſe unfallen, uncurſed; verſe reclaimed, reinthroned in the true language of the gods; who never thundered, nor ſuffered their Homer to thunder, in rhyme: and therefore I beg you, my friend, to crown it with ſome nobler term; nor let the greatneſs of the thing lie under the defamation of ſuch a name.

But ſuppoſing Pope's Iliad to have been perfect in its kind; yet it is a tranſlation ſtill; which differs as much from an original, as the moon from the ſun.

——" *Phœben alieno juſſerat igne*
" *Impleri, ſolemque ſuo.*" CLAUD.

But as nothing is more eaſy than to write originally wrong; originals are not here recommended, but under the ſtrong guard of my firſt rule—Know thyſelf. Lucian, who was an original, neglected not this rule, if we may judge by his reply to one who took ſome freedom with him. He was, at firſt, an apprentice to a ſtatuary; and when he was reflected on as ſuch, by being called Prometheus, he replied, " I am indeed the inventor of a new work, the mo-
" del of which I owe to none; and, if I do not exe-
" cute it well, I deſerve to be torn by twelve vultures,
" inſtead of one."

If ſo, O Gulliver! doſt thou not ſhudder at thy brother Lucian's vultures hovering over thee? Shud-

der on! they cannot ſhock thee more, than decency has been ſhocked by thee. How have thy Houyhnhumns thrown thy judgment from its ſeat, and laid thy imagination in the mire! In what ordure haſt thou dipped thy pencil! What a monſter haſt thou made of the

——"*Human face divine!*" MILT.

This writer has ſo ſatirized human nature, as to give a demonſtration in himſelf, that it deſerves to be ſatirized: but, ſay his wholeſale admirers, Few could ſo have written: true, and fewer would. If it required great abilities to commit the fault, greater ſtill would have ſaved him from it. But whence ariſe ſuch warm advocates for ſuch a performance? From hence, *viz.* before a character is eſtabliſhed, merit makes fame; afterwards, fame makes merit. Swift is not commended for this piece, but this piece for Swift. He has given us ſome beauties which deſerve all our praiſe: and our comfort is, that his faults will not become common; for none can be guilty of them, but who have wit as well as reputation to ſpare. His wit had been leſs wild, if his temper had not juſtled his judgment. If his favourite Houyhnhumns could write, and Swift had been one of them, every horſe with him would have been an aſs, and he would have written a panegyric on mankind, ſaddling with much reproach the preſent heroes of his pen; on the contrary, being born amongſt men, and, of conſequence, piqued by many, and peeviſh at more, he has blaſphemed a nature little lower than that of angels, and aſſumed by far higher than they. But ſurely the contempt of the world is not a greater

virtue,

virtue, than the contempt of mankind is a vice. Therefore I wonder, that, though forborn by others, the laughter-loving Swift was not reproved by the venerable Dean, who could ſometimes be very grave.

For I remember, as I and others were taking with him an evening's walk, about a mile out of Dublin, he ſtopped ſhort; we paſſed on: but perceiving that he did not follow us, I went back, and found him fixed as a ſtatue; and earneſtly gazing upward at a noble elm, which in its uppermoſt branches was much withered and decayed. Pointing at it, he ſaid, "I "ſhall be like that tree, I ſhall die at top" As in this he ſeemed to propheſy like the Sybils; if, like one of them, he had burnt part of his works, eſpecially this blaſted branch of a noble genius, like her too he might have riſen in his demand for the reſt.

Would not his friend Pope have ſucceeded better in an original attempt? Talents untried, are talents unknown. All that I know, is, that, contrary to theſe ſentiments, he was not only an avowed profeſſor of imitation, but a zealous recommender of it alſo. Nor could he recommend any thing better, except emulation, to thoſe who write. One of theſe all writers muſt call to their aid; but aids they are of unequal repute. Imitation is inferiority confeſſed; emulation is ſuperiority conteſted, or denied: imitation is ſervile, emulation generous: that fetters; this fires: that may give a name; this, a name immortal: this made Athens to ſucceeding ages the rule of taſte, and the ſtandard of perfection. Her men of genius ſtruck fire againſt each other; and kindled, by conflict, into glories, which no time ſhall extinguiſh. We thank Eſchylus for Sophocles: and Parrhaſius

for Zeuxis; emulation, for both. That bids us fly the general fault of imitators; bids us not be ſtruck with the loud report of former fame, as with a knell, which damps the ſpirits; but as with a trumpet, which inſpires ardor to rival the renowned. Emulation exhorts us, inſtead of learning our diſcipline for ever, like raw troops under ancient leaders in compoſition, to put thoſe laurell'd veterans in ſome hazard of loſing their ſuperior poſts in glory.

Such is emulation's high-ſpirited advice, ſuch her immortalizing call. Pope would not hear, pre-engaged with imitation, which bleſſed him with all her charms. He choſe rather, with his nameſake of Greece, to triumph in the old world, than to look out for a new. His taſte partook the error of his religion: It denied not worſhip to ſaints and angels; that is, to writers, who, canonized for ages, have received their apotheoſis from eſtabliſhed and univerſal fame. True poeſy, like true religion, abhors idolatry: and though it honours the exemplary, and takes them willingly (yet cautiouſly) as guides in the way to glory; real, though unexampled, excellence is its only aim; nor looks it for any inſpiration leſs than divine.

Though Pope's noble muſe may boaſt her illuſtrious deſcent from Homer, Virgil, Horace; yet is an original author more nobly born. As Tacitus ſays of Curtius Rufus, an original author is born of himſelf, is his own progenitor, and will probably propagate a numerous offspring of imitators to eternize his glory; while, mule-like, imitators die without iſſue. Therefore, though we ſtand much obliged for his giving us an Homer; yet had he doubled his obligation, by giving us———a Pope. Had he a ſtrong imagination,

imagination, and the true ſublime? That granted, we might have had two Homers inſtead of one, if longer had been his life; for I heard the dying ſwan talk over an epic plan a few weeks before his deceaſe.

Bacon, under the ſhadow of whoſe great name I would ſhelter my preſent attempt in favour of originals, ſays, "Men ſeek not to know their own ſtock "and abilities; but fancy their poſſeſſions to be great-"er, and their abilities leſs, than they really are." Which is in effect ſaying, "That we ought to exert "more than we do; and that, on exertion, our pro-"bability of ſucceſs is greater than we conceive."

Nor have I Bacon's opinion only, but his aſſiſtance too, on my ſide. His mighty mind travelled round the intellectual world; and, with a more than eagle's eye, ſaw, and has pointed out, blank ſpaces or dark ſpots in it, on which the human mind never ſhone: ſome of thoſe have been enlightened ſince; ſome are benighted ſtill.

Moreover, ſo boundleſs are the bold excurſions of the human mind, that, in the vaſt void beyond real exiſtence, it can call forth ſhadowy beings, and unknown worlds, as numerous, as bright, and perhaps as laſting, as the ſtars; ſuch quite original beauties we may call paradiſaical,

"*Natos ſine ſemine flores.*" OVID.

When ſuch an ample area for renowned adventure in original attempts lyes before us, ſhall we be as mere leaden pipes, conveying to the preſent age ſmall ſtreams of excellence, from its grand reſervoir in antiquity; and thoſe too, perhaps, mudded in

the paſs? Originals ſhine like comets; have no peer in their path; are rivalled by none, and the gaze of all: all other compoſitions (if they ſhine at all) ſhine in cluſters; like the ſtars in the galaxy: where, like bad neighbours, all ſuffer from all; each particular being diminiſhed, and almoſt loſt, in the throng.

If thoughts of this nature prevailed; if ancients and moderns were no longer conſidered as maſters and pupils, but as hard-matched rivals for renown; then moderns, by the longevity of their labours, might, one day, become ancients themſelves: and old time, that beſt weigher of merits, to keep his balance even, might have the golden weight of an Auguſtan age in both his ſcales: or rather our ſcale might deſcend; and that of antiquity (as a modern match for it ſtrongly ſpeaks) might kick the beam.

And why not? For, conſider, ſince an impartial Providence ſcatters talents indifferently, as through all orders of perſons, ſo through all periods of time; ſince a marvellous light, unenjoyed of old, is poured on us by revelation, with larger proſpects extending our underſtanding, with brighter objects enriching our imagination, with an ineſtimable prize ſetting our paſſions on fire, thus ſtrengthening every power that enables compoſition to ſhine; ſince there has been no fall in man on this ſide Adam, who left no works, and the works of all other ancients are our auxiliaries againſt themſelves, as being perpetual ſpurs to our ambition, and ſhining lamps in our path to fame; ſince this world is a ſchool, as well for intellectual, as moral, advance; and the longer human nature is at ſchool, the better ſcholar it ſhould be;

ſince,

ſince, as the moral world expects its glorious millennium, the world intellectual may hope, by the rules of analogy, for ſome ſuperior degrees of excellence to crown her latter ſcenes: nor may it only hope, but muſt enjoy them too; for Tully, Quintilian, and all true critics, allow, that virtue aſſiſts genius, and that the writer will be more able, when better is the man ——All theſe particulars, I ſay, conſidered, why ſhould it ſeem altogether impoſſible, that Heaven's lateſt editions of the human mind may be the moſt correct and fair; that the day may come, when the moderns may proudly look back on the comparative darkneſs of former ages, on the children of antiquity; reputing Homer and Demoſthenes as the dawn of divine genius, and Athens as the cradle of infant fame? What a glorious revolution would this make in the rolls of renown?

What a rant, ſay you, is here?——I partly grant it: yet, conſider, my friend! knowledge phyſical, mathematical, moral, and divine, increaſes; all arts and ſciences are making conſiderable advance; with them, all the accommodations, ornaments, delights, and glories of human life: and theſe are new food to the genius of a polite writer; theſe are as the root, and compoſition as the flower; and as the root ſpreads, and thrives, ſhall the flower fail? As well may a flower flouriſh, when the root is dead. It is prudence to read, genius to reliſh, glory to ſurpaſs, ancient authors; and wiſdom to try our ſtrength, in an attempt in which it would be no great diſhonour to fail.

Why condemned Maro his admirable epic to the flames? Was it not becauſe his diſcerning eye ſaw ſome length of perfection beyond it! And what he

ſaw,

ſaw, may not others reach? And who bid fairer than our countrymen for that glory? Something new may be expected from Britons particularly; who ſeem not to be more ſevered from the reſt of mankind by the ſurrounding ſea, than by the current in their veins; and of whom little more appears to be required in order to give us originals, than a conſiſtency of character, and making their compoſitions of a piece with their lives. May our genius ſhine; and proclaim us, in that nobler view,

"———*minima contentos nocte Britannos.*" VIRG.

And ſo it does; for in polite compoſition, in natural and mathematical knowledge, we have great originals already: Bacon, Boyle, Newton, Shakeſpear, Milton, have ſhowed us, that all the winds cannot blow the Britiſh flag farther than an original ſpirit can convey the Britiſh fame; their names go round the world; and what foreign genius ſtrikes not as they paſs? Why ſhould not their poſterity embark in the ſame bold bottom of new enterprize, and hope the ſame ſucceſs? Hope it they may; or you muſt aſſert, either that thoſe originals which we already enjoy were written by angels, or deny that we are men. As Simonides ſaid to Pauſanias, reaſon ſhould ſay to the writer, "Remember thou art a man." And for man not to graſp at all which is laudable within his reach, is a diſhonour to human nature, and a diſobedience to the divine; for as Heaven does nothing in vain, its gift of talents implies an injunction of their uſe.

A friend of mine has obeyed that injunction: he has relied on himſelf; and with a genius, as well moral, as original, (to ſpeak in bold terms,) has caſt out evil

evil ſpirits; has made a convert to virtue of a ſpecies of compoſition once moſt its foe; as the firſt Chriſtian emperors expelled dæmons, and dedicated their temples to the living God.

But you, I know, are ſparing in your praiſe of this author; therefore I will ſpeak of one which is ſure of your applauſe. Shakeſpear mingled no water with his wine; lowered his genius by no vapid imitation: Shakeſpear gave us a Shakeſpear, nor could the firſt in ancient fame have given us more. Shakeſpear is not their ſon, but brother; their equal; and that in ſpite of all his faults. Think you this too bold? Conſider, in thoſe ancients what is it the world admires? Not the fewneſs of their faults, but the number and brightneſs of their beauties; and if Shakeſpear is their equal (as he doubtleſs is) in that which in them is admired, then is Shakeſpear as great as they; and not impotence, but ſome other cauſe, muſt be charged with his defects. When we are ſetting theſe great men in competition, what but the comparative ſize of their genius is the ſubject of our inquiry? And a giant loſes nothing of his ſize, tho' he ſhould chance to trip in his race. But it is a compliment to thoſe heroes of antiquity to ſuppoſe Shakeſpear their equal only in dramatic powers; therefore, though his faults had been greater, the ſcale would ſtill turn in his favour. There is at leaſt as much genius on the Britiſh as on the Grecian ſtage, though the former is not ſwept ſo clean; ſo clean from violations not only of the dramatic, but moral rule; for an honeſt heathen, on reading ſome of our celebrated ſcenes, might be ſeriouſly concerned to ſee, that our obligations to the religion of Nature were cancelled by Chriſtianity.

Johnſon,

Johnſon, in the ſerious drama, is as much an imitator, as Shakeſpear is an original. He was very learned, as Samſon was very ſtrong, to his own hurt. Blind to the nature of tragedy, he pulled down all antiquity on his head, and buried himſelf under it. We ſee nothing of Johnſon, nor indeed of his admired (but alſo murdered) ancients: for what ſhone in the hiſtorian, is a cloud on the poet; and Catiline might have been a good play, if Salluſt had never writ.

Who knows whether Shakeſpear might not have thought leſs, if he had read more? Who knows if he might not have laboured under the load of Johnſon's learning, as Enceladus under Ætna? His mighty genius, indeed, through the moſt mountainous oppreſſion would have breathed out ſome of his inextinguiſhable fire; yet, poſſibly, he might not have riſen up into that giant, that much more than common man, at which we now gaze with amazement and delight. Perhaps he was as learned as his dramatic province required: for whatever other learning he wanted, he was maſter of two books, unknown to many of the profoundly read, tho' books which the laſt conflagration alone can deſtroy; the book of nature, and that of man. Theſe he had by heart, and has tranſcribed many admirable pages of them into his immortal works. Theſe are the fountain-head whence the Caſtalian ſtreams of original compoſition flow: and theſe are often mudded by other waters, though waters in their diſtinct channel moſt wholeſome and pure; as two chymical liquors, ſeparately clear as cryſtal, grow foul by mixture, and offend the ſight. So that he had not only as much learning as his dramatic province required, but perhaps as it could ſafe-

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ly bear. If Milton had ſpared ſome of his learning, his muſe would have gained more glory than he would have loſt by it.

Dryden, deſtitute of Shakeſpear's genius, had almoſt as much learning as Johnſon, and, for the buſkin, quite as little taſte. He was a ſtranger to the pathos; and, by numbers, expreſſion, ſentiment, and every other dramatic cheat, ſtrove to make amends for it: as if a ſaint could make amends for the want of conſcience; a ſoldier for the want of valour; or a veſtal, of modeſty. The noble nature of tragedy diſclaims an equivalent; like virtue, it demands the heart; and Dryden had none to give. Let epic poets think, the tragedian's point is rather to feel; ſuch diſtant things are a tragedian and a poet, that the latter indulged deſtroys the former. Look on Barnwell and Eſſex; and ſee how as to theſe diſtant characters Dryden excels, and is excelled. But the ſtrongeſt demonſtration of his no-taſte for the buſkin, are his tragedies fringed with rhyme; which, in epic poetry, is a ſore diſeaſe; in the tragic, abſolute death. To Dryden's enormity, Pope's was a light offence. As lacemen are foes to mourning, theſe two authors, rich in rhyme, were no great friends to thoſe ſolemn ornaments which the noble nature of their works required.

Muſt rhyme then, ſay you, be baniſhed? I wiſh the nature of our language could bear its entire expulſion: but our leſſer poetry ſtands in need of a toleration for it; it raiſes that, but ſinks the great; as ſpangles adorn children, but expoſe men. Prince Henry, beſpangled all over in his oylet-hole ſuit, with glittering pins, and an Achilles or an Almanzor in his Gothic array, are very much on a level as to the majeſty

majeſty of the poet and the prince. Dryden had a great, but a general capacity; and as for a general genius, there is no ſuch thing in nature: a genius implies the rays of the mind concentered and determined to ſome particular point; when they are ſcattered widely, they act feebly, and ſtrike not with ſufficient force to fire or diſſolve the heart. As what comes from the writer's heart, reaches ours; ſo what comes from his head, ſets our brains at work, and our hearts at eaſe. It makes a circle of thoughtful critics, not of diſtreſſed patients; and a paſſive audience is what tragedy requires. Applauſe is not to be given, but extorted; and the ſilent lapſe of a ſingle tear, does the writer more honour, than the rattling thunder of a thouſand hands. Applauding hands and dry eyes (which during Dryden's theatrical reign often met) are a ſatire on the writer's talent, and the ſpectator's taſte. When by ſuch judges the laurel is blindly given, and by ſuch a poet proudly received, they reſemble an intoxicated hoſt, and his taſteleſs gueſts, over ſome ſparkling adulteration, commending their champaign.

But Dryden has his glory, though not on the ſtage. What an inimitable original is his ode! A ſmall one, indeed, but of the firſt luſtre, and without a flaw; and, amid the brighteſt boaſts of antiquity, it may find a foil.

Among the brighteſt of the moderns, Mr Addiſon muſt take his place. Who does not approach his character with great reſpect? They who refuſe to cloſe with the public in his praiſe, refuſe at their peril: but, if men will be fond of their own opinions, ſome hazard muſt be run. He had, what Dryden and Johnſon wanted, a warm and feeling heart; but being of a grave

grave and baſhful nature, through a philoſophic reſerve, and a ſort of moral prudery, he concealed it, where he ſhould have let looſe all his fire, and have ſhowed the moſt tender ſenſibilities of heart. At his celebrated Cato, few tears are ſhed, but Cato's own; which, indeed, are truly great, but unaffecting, except to the noble few who love their country better than themſelves. The bulk of mankind want virtue enough to be touched by them. His ſtrength of genius has reared up one glorious image, more lofty, and truly, golden, than that in the plains of Dura, for cool admiration to gaze, and warm patriotiſm (how rare!) to worſhip; while thoſe two throbbing pulſes of the drama, by which alone it is ſhown to live, Terror and Pity, neglected through the whole, leave our unmoleſted hearts at perfect peace. Thus the poet, like his hero, through miſtaken excellence, and virtue overſtrained, becomes a ſort of ſuicide, and that which is moſt dramatic in the drama dies. All his charms of poetry are but as funeral flowers which adorn, all his noble ſentiments but as rich ſpices which embalm, the tragedy deceaſed.

Of tragedy, pathos is not only the life and ſoul, but the ſoul inextinguiſhable; it charms us through a thouſand faults. Decorations, which in this author abound, though they might immortalize other poeſy, are the *ſplendida peccata* which damn the drama; while, on the contrary, the murder of all other beauties is a venial ſin, nor plucks the laurel from the tragedian's brow. Was it otherwiſe, Shakeſpear himſelf would run ſome hazard of his crown.

Socrates frequented the plays of Euripides; and what living Socrates would decline the theatre at the repreſentation of Cato? Tully's aſſaſſins found him in his

his litter, reading the Medea of the Grecian poet, to prepare himſelf for death. Part of Cato might be read to the ſame end. In the weight and dignity of moral reflection, Addiſon reſembles that poet, who was called the dramatic philoſopher; and is himſelf, as he ſays of Cato, "ambitiouſly ſententious." But as to the ſingular talent ſo remarkable in Euripides, at melting down hearts into the tender ſtreams of grief and pity, there the reſemblance fails. His beauties ſparkle, but do not warm; they ſparkle as ſtars in a froſty night. There is indeed a conſtellation in his play; there is the philoſopher, patriot, orator, and poet; but where is the tragedian? and if that is wanting,

"*Cur in theatrum Cato ſevere veniſti?* MART.

And when I recollect what paſſed between him and Dryden, in relation to this drama, I muſt add the next line,

"*An ideo tantum veneras, ut exires?*"

For, when Addiſon was a ſtudent at Oxford, he ſent up his play to his friend Dryden, as a proper perſon to recommend it to the theatre if it deſerved it; who returned it with very great commendation; but with his opinion, that on the ſtage it could not meet with its deſerved ſucceſs. But though the performance was denied the theatre, it brought its author on the public ſtage of life. For perſons in power inquiring ſoon after of the head of his college for a youth of parts, Addiſon was recommended, and readily received, by means of the great reputation

putation which Dryden had juſt then ſpread of him above.

There is this ſimilitude between the poet and the play; as this is more fit for the cloſet than the ſtage, ſo that ſhone brighter in private converſation than on the public ſcene. They both had a ſort of local excellency, as the heathen gods a local divinity; beyond ſuch a bound, they unadmired, and theſe unadored. This puts me in mind of Plato, who denied Homer to the public; that Homer which, when in his cloſet, was rarely out of his hand. Thus though Cato is not calculated to ſignalize himſelf in the warm emotions of the theatre, yet we find him a moſt amiable companion in our calmer delights of receſs.

Notwithſtanding what has been offered, this, in many views, is an exquiſite piece. But there is ſo much more of art than nature in it, that I can ſcarce forbear calling it an exquiſite piece of ſtatuary,

"*Where the ſmooth chiſel all its ſkill has ſhown,*
"*To ſoften into fleſh the rugged ſtone.*" ADDISON.

That is, where art has taken great pains to labour undramatic matter into dramatic life; which is impoſſible. However, as it is, like Pygmalion, we cannot but fall in love with it, and wiſh it was alive. How would a Shakeſpear or an Otway have anſwered our wiſhes! They would have outdone Prometheus; and with their heavenly fire, have given him not only life, but immortality. At their dramas (ſuch is the force of Nature) the poet is out of ſight, quite hid behind his Venus, never thought of till the curtain falls. Art brings our author forward: he ſtands before

fore his piece, ſplendidly indeed, but unfortunately; for the writer muſt be forgotten by his audience during the repreſentation, if for ages he would be remembered by poſterity. In the theatre, as in life, deluſion is the charm; and we are undelighted, the firſt moment we are undeceived. Such demonſtration have we, that the theatre is not yet opened in which ſolid happineſs can be found by man; becauſe none are more than comparatively good, and folly has a corner in the heart of the wiſe.

A genius fond of ornament ſhould not be wedded to the tragic muſe, which is in mourning; we want not to be diverted at an entertainment, where our greateſt pleaſure ariſes from the depth of our concern. But whence (by the way) this odd generation of pleaſure from pain? The movement of our melancholy paſſions is pleaſant, when we ourſelves are ſafe: we love to be at once miſerable and unhurt: ſo are we made; and ſo made, perhaps, to ſhow us the divine goodneſs; to ſhow that none of our paſſions were deſigned to give us pain except when being pained is for our advantage on the whole; which is evident from this inſtance, in which we ſee, that paſſions the moſt painful adminiſter greatly ſometimes to our delight. Since great names have accounted otherwiſe for this particular, I wiſh this ſolution, though to me probable, may not prove a miſtake.

To cloſe our thoughts on Cato; he who ſees not much beanty in it, has no taſte for poetry; he who ſees nothing elſe, has no taſte for the ſtage. Whilſt it juſtifies cenſure, it extorts applauſe. It is much to be admired, but little to be felt. Had it not been a tragedy, it had been immortal; as it is a tragedy,

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its uncommon fate ſomewhat reſembles his, who for conquering glorioufly was condemned to die. Both ſhone, but ſhone fatally; becauſe in breach of their reſpective laws, the laws of the drama, and the laws of arms. But how rich in reputation muſt that author be, who can ſpare a Cato, without feeling the loſs?

That loſs by our author would ſcarce be felt; it would be but dropping a ſingle feather from a wing that mounts him above his contemporaries. He has a more refined, decent, judicious, and extenſive genius than Pope or Swift. To diſtinguiſh this triumvirate from each other, and, like Newton, to diſcover the different colours in theſe genuine and meridian rays of literary light, Swift is a ſingular wit, Pope a correct poet, Addiſon a great author. Swift looked on wit as the *jus divinum* to dominion and ſway in the world; and conſidered, as uſurpation, all power that was lodged in perſons of leſs ſparkling underſtandings. This inclined him to tyranny in wit: Pope was ſomewhat of his opinion, but was for ſoftening tyranny into lawful monarchy; yet were there ſome acts of ſeverity in his reign. Addiſon's crown was elective; he reigned by the public voice:

"————*Volentes*
"*Per populos dat jura, viamque affectat Olympo.*
VIRG.

But as good books are the medicine of the mind, if we ſhould dethrone theſe authors, and conſider them not in their royal, but their medicinal capacity, might it not then be ſaid, that Addiſon preſcribed a wholeſome and pleaſant regimen, which was univerſally

ſally reliſhed, and did much good: that Pope preferred a purgative of ſatire; which, though wholeſome, was too painful in its operation: and that Swift inſiſted on a large doze of ipecacuanha; which tho' readily ſwallowed from the fame of the phyſician, yet, if the patient had any delicacy of taſte, he threw up the remedy, inſtead of the diſeaſe?

Addiſon wrote little in verſe; much in ſweet, elegant, Virgilian proſe; ſo let me call it, ſince Longinus calls Herodotus moſt Homeric, and Thucydides is ſaid to have formed his ſtyle on Pindar. Addiſon's compoſitions are built with the fineſt materials in the taſte of the ancients, and (to ſpeak his own language) on truly claſſic ground; and though they are the delight of the preſent age, yet am I perſuaded that they will receive more juſtice from poſterity. I never read him but I am ſtruck with ſuch a diſheartened idea of perfection, that I drop my pen. And, indeed, far ſuperior writers ſhould forget his compoſitions, if they would be greatly pleaſed with their own.

And yet (perhaps you have not obſerved it) what is the common language of the world, and even of his admirers, concerning him? They call him an elegant writer. That elegance which ſhines on the ſurface of his compoſitions, ſeems to dazzle their underſtanding, and render it a little blind to the depth of ſentiment which lyes beneath: thus (hard fate!) he loſes reputation with them, by doubling his title to it. On ſubjects the moſt intereſting and important, no author of his age has written with greater, I had almoſt ſaid with equal, weight: and they who commend him for his elegance, pay him ſuch a ſort of compliment by their abſtemious praiſe, as they would

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pay to Lucretia if they ſhould commend her only for her beauty.

But you ſay, that you know his value already—You know, indeed, the value of his writings, and cloſe with the world in thinking him immortal: but, I believe, you know not, that his name would have deſerved immortality, though he had never written; and that by a better title than the pen can give. You know too, that his life was amiable; but perhaps you are ſtill to learn, that his death was triumphant: that is a glory granted to very few. And the paternal hand of Providence, which ſometimes ſnatches home its beloved children in a moment, muſt convince us, that it is a glory of no great conſequence to the dying individual; that when it is granted, it is granted chiefly for the ſake of the ſurviving world, which may profit by his pious example, to whom is indulged the ſtrength and opportunity to make his virtue ſhine out brighteſt at the point of death. And, here, permit me to take notice, that the world will, probably, profit more by a pious example of lay extraction, than by one born of the church; the latter being uſually taxed with an abatement of influence by the bulk of mankind: therefore to ſmother a bright example of this ſuperior good influence, may be reputed a ſort of murder, injurious to the living, and unjuſt to the dead.

Such an example have we in Addiſon; which, though hitherto ſuppreſſed, yet, when once known, is inſuppreſſible, of a nature too rare, too ſtriking, to be forgotten. For after a long and manly, but vain ſtruggle with his diſtemper, he diſmiſſed his phyſicians, and with them all hopes of life: but with his hopes of life he diſmiſſed not his concern for the li-

ving; but ſent for a youth nearly related, and finely accompliſhed, yet not above being the better for good impreſſions from a dying friend. He came; but life now glimmering in the ſocket, the dying friend was ſilent. After a decent and proper pauſe, the youth ſaid, "Dear Sir! you ſent for me. I believe, and I "hope, that you have ſome commands. I ſhall hold "them moſt ſacred." May diſtant ages not only hear, but feel, the reply! Forcibly graſping the youth's hand, he ſoftly ſaid, "See in what peace a Chriſtian "can die." He ſpake with difficulty, and ſoon expired. Through grace divine, how great is man! Through divine mercy, how ſtingleſs death! Who would not thus expire?

What an ineſtimable legacy were thoſe few dying words to the youth beloved! What a glorious ſupplement to his own valuable fragment on the truth of Chriſtianity! What a full demonſtration, that his fancy could not feign beyond what his virtue could reach! For when he would ſtrike us moſt ſtrongly with the grandeur of Roman magnanimity, his dying hero is ennobled with this ſublime ſentiment,

"*While yet I live, let me not live in vain.*" CATO.

But how much more ſublime is that ſentiment when realized in life; when diſpelling the languors, and appeaſing the pains, of a laſt hour; and brightening with illuſtrious actions the dark avenue, and all-awful confines, of an eternity! When his ſoul ſcarce animated his body, ſtrong faith, and ardent charity, animated his ſoul into divine ambition of ſaving more than his own. It is for our honour and our advantage to hold him high in our eſteem: for the better men are, the more

more they will admire him; and the more they admire him, the better will they be.

By undrawing the long-closed curtain of his death-bed, have I not showed you a stranger in him whom you knew so well? Is not this of your favourite author,

" ——*Nota major imago?*" VIRG.

His compositions are but a noble preface; the grand work is his death: that is a work which is read in heaven. How has it joined the final approbation of angels to the previous applause of men! How gloriously has he opened a splendid path, through fame immortal, into eternal peace! How has he given religion to triumph amidst the ruins of his nature! and, stronger than death, risen higher in virtue when breathing his last!

If all our men of genius had so breathed their last; if all our men of genius, like him, had been men of genius for eternals; then had we never been pained by the report of a latter end——oh! how unlike to this! But a little to balance our pain, let us consider, that such reports as make us at once adore and tremble, are of use, when too many there are who must tremble before they will adore; and who convince us, to our shame, that the surest refuge of our endangered virtue is in the fears and terrors of the disengenuous human heart.

" But reports, you say, may be false; and you far-
" ther ask me, if all reports were true, how came
" an anecdote of so much honour to human nature,
" as mine, to ly so long unknown? What inauspicious
" planet interposed to lay its lustre under so lasting
" and so surprising an eclipse?"

The fact is indiſputably true; nor are you to rely on me for the truth of it: my report is but a ſecond edition; it was publiſhed before, though obſcurely, and with a cloud before it. As clouds before the ſun are often beautiful; ſo this of which I ſpeak. How finely pathetic are thoſe two lines, which this ſo ſolemn and affecting ſcene inſpired!

"*He taught us how to live; and, oh! too high*
"*A price for knowledge, taught us how to die.*"

TICKEL.

With truth wrapped in darkneſs, ſo ſung our oracle to the public, but explained himſelf to me: he was preſent at his patron's death, and that account of it here given he gave to me before his eyes were dry. By what means Addiſon "taught us how to die," the poet left to be made known by a late and leſs able hand; but one more zealous for his patron's glory: zealous, and impotent, as the poor Ægyptian, who gathered a few ſplinters of a broken boat, as a funeral pile for the great Pompey, ſtudious of doing honour to ſo renowned a name: yet had not this poor plank (permit me, here, ſo to call this imperfect page) been thrown out, the chief article of his patron's glory would probably have been ſunk for ever, and late ages have received but a fragment of his fame; a fragment glorious indeed, for his genius how bright! But to commend him for compoſition, though immortal, is detraction now; if there our encomium ends: let us look farther to that concluding ſcene, which ſpoke human nature not unrelated to the divine. To that let us pay the long and large arrear of our greatly poſthumous applauſe.

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This you will think a long digreſſion; and juſtly, if that may be called a digreſſion, which was my chief inducement for writing at all: I had long wiſhed to deliver up to the public this ſacred depoſit, which by Providence was lodged in my hands; and I entered on the preſent undertaking, partly as an introduction to that which is more worthy to ſee the light; of which I gave an intimation in the beginning of my letter: for this is the monumental marble there mentioned, to which I promiſed to conduct you; this is the ſepulchral lamp, the long hidden luſtre of our accompliſhed countryman, who now riſes, as from his tomb, to receive the regard ſo greatly due to the dignity of his death; a death to be diſtinguiſhed by tears of joy; a death which angels beheld with delight.

And ſhall that which would have ſhone conſpicuous amid the reſplendent lights of Chriſtianity's glorious morn, by theſe dark days be dropped into oblivion? Dropped it is; and dropped by our ſacred, auguſt, and ample regiſter of renown, which has entered in its marble-memoirs the dim ſplendor of far inferior worth: though ſo laviſh of praiſe, and ſo talkative of the dead, yet is it ſilent on a ſubject which (if any) might have taught its unlettered ſtones to ſpeak. If powers were not wanting, a monument, more durable than thoſe of marble, ſhould proudly riſe in this ambitious page, to the new and far nobler Addiſon, than that which you and the public have ſo long and ſo much admired: nor this nation only: for it is Europe's Addiſon as well as ours, tho' Europe knows not half his title to her eſteem, being as yet unconſcious that the dying Addiſon far outſhines her Addiſon immortal. Would we reſemble him? Let us not limit our ambition to the leaſt illu-

ſtrious part of his character: heads, indeed, are crowned on earth; but hearts only are crowned in heaven: a truth, which, in ſuch an age of authors, ſhould not be forgotten.

It is piouſly to be hoped, that this narrative may have ſome effect, ſince all liſten when a death-bed ſpeaks, and regard the perſon departing as an actor of a part, which the great maſter of the drama has appointed us to perform to-morrow. This was a Roſcius on the ſtage of life: his exit how great! Ye lovers of virtue, *plaudite!* and let us, my friend! ever "remember his end, as well as our own, that "we may never do amiſs." I am,

Dear Sir,

Your moſt obliged,

humble ſervant.

AN

# AN ESSAY ON LYRIC POETRY.

HOW imperfect ſoever my own compoſition * may be, yet am I willing to ſpeak a word or two of the nature of Lyric Poetry; to ſhew that I have, at leaſt, ſome idea of perfection in that kind of poem in which I am engaged; and that I do not think myſelf poet enough entirely to rely on inſpiration for my ſucceſs in it.

To our having, or not having, this idea of perfection in the poem we undertake, is chiefly owing the merit or demerit of our performances, as alſo the modeſty or vanity of our opinions concerning them. And in ſpeaking of it, I ſhall ſhew how it unavoidably comes to paſs, that bad poets, that is, poets in

* In former editions, this eſſay was placed before the lyric pieces.

general, are eſteemed, and really are, the moſt vain, the moſt irritable, and moſt ridiculous ſet of men upon earth. But poetry, in its own nature, is certainly

" ——*Non hos quæſitum munus in uſus.*" VIRG.

He that has an idea of perfection in the work he undertakes, may fail in it; he that has not, muſt; and yet he will be vain. For every little degree of beauty, how ſhort or improper ſoever, will be looked on fondly by him; becauſe it is all pure gains, and more than he promiſed to himſelf; and becauſe he has no teſt or ſtandard in his judgment, with which to chaſtiſe his opinion of it.

Now this idea of perfection is in poetry more refined, than in other kinds of writing; and becauſe more refined, therefore more difficult; and becauſe more difficult, therefore more rarely attained; and the non-attainment of it is (as I have ſaid) the ſource of our vanity. Hence the poetic clan are more obnoxious to vanity than others. And from vanity conſequentially flows that great ſenſibility of diſreſpect, that quick reſentment, that tinder of the mind that kindles at every ſpark, and juſtly marks them out for the *genus irritabile* among mankind; and from this combuſtible temper, this ſerious anger for no very ſerious things, things looked on by moſt as foreign to the important points of life, as conſequentially flows that inheritance of ridicule which devolves on them from generation to generation. As ſoon as they become authors, they become like Ben Johnſon's angry boy, and learn the art of quarrel.

" ——*Concordes*

" ——*Concordes animæ, dum nocte premuntur;*
" *Heu! quantum inter ſe bellum, ſi lumina vitæ*
" *Attigerint, quantas acies, ſtragemque ciebunt?*
" *Qui juvenes! quantas oſtentant, aſpice, vires.*
" *Ne, pueri! ne tanta animis aſſueſcite bella.*
" *Tuque prior, tu parce, genus qui ducis Olympo,*
" *Sydereo flagrans clypeo, et cœleſtibus armis,*
" *Projice tela manu, ſanguis meus!*
" *Nec te ullæ facie, non terruit ipſe Typhœus*
" *Arduus, arma tenens; non te Meſſapus et Uſens,*
" *Contemptorque deum Mezentius.*" VIRG.

But to return. He that has this idea of perfection in the work he undertakes, however ſucceſsful he is, will yet be modeſt; becauſe to riſe up to that idea which he propoſed for his model, is almoſt, if not abſolutely, impoſſible.

Theſe two obſervations account for what may ſeem as ſtrange as it is infallibly true; I mean, they ſhew us why good writers have the loweſt, and bad writers the higheſt, opinion of their own performances. They who have only a partial idea of this perfection, as their portion of ignorance or knowledge of it is greater or leſs, have proportionable degrees of modeſty or conceit.

Nor (tho' natural good underſtanding makes a tolerably juſt judgment in things of this nature) will the reader judge the worſe, for forming to himſelf a notion of what he ought to expect from the piece he has in hand, before he begins his peruſal of it.

The ode, as it is the eldeſt kind of poetry, ſo it is more ſpirituous, and more remote from proſe, than any other, in ſenſe, ſound, expreſſion, and conduct. Its thoughts ſhould be uncommon, ſublime, and mo-

ral; its members full, eaſy, and moſt harmonious; its expreſſion pure, ſtrong, and delicate, yet unaffected; and of a curious felicity beyond other poems: its conduct ſhould be rapturous, ſomewhat abrupt and immethodical to a vulgar eye. That apparent order and connection, which gives form and life to ſome compoſitions, takes away the very ſoul of this. Fire, elevation, and ſelect thought, are indiſpenſable; an humble, tame, and vulgar ode is the moſt pitiful error a pen can commit.

"*Muſa dedit fidibus divos, puerosque deorum.*"

And as its ſubjects are ſublime, its writer's genius ſhould be ſo too; otherwiſe it becomes the meaneſt thing in writing, *viz.* an involuntary burleſque.

It is the genuine character and true merit of the ode, a little to ſtartle ſome apprehenſions. Men of cold complexions are very apt to miſtake a want of vigor in their imaginations, for a delicacy of taſte in their judgments; and, like perſons of tender ſight, they look on bright objects, in their natural luſtre, as too glaring; what is moſt delightful to a ſtronger eye, is painful to them. Thus Pindar, who has as much logic at the bottom as Ariſtotle or Euclid, to ſome critics has appeared as mad; and muſt appear ſo to all, who enjoy no portion of his own divine ſpirit. Dwarf underſtandings, meaſuring others by their own ſtandard, are apt to think they ſee a monſter when they ſee a man.

And, indeed, it ſeems to be the amends which nature makes to thoſe whom ſhe has not bleſſed with an elevation of mind, to indulge them in the comfortable miſtake, that all is wrong which falls not within

within the narrow limits of their own comprehenſions and reliſh.

Judgment, indeed, that maſculine power of the mind, in ode, as in all compoſitions, ſhould bear the ſupreme ſway; and a beautiful imagination, as its miſtreſs, ſhould be ſubdued to its dominion. Hence, and hence only, can proceed the faireſt offspring of the human mind.

But then in ode, there is this difference from other kinds of poetry; that there the imagination, like a very beautiful miſtreſs, is indulged in the appearance of domineering: though the judgment, like an artful lover, in reality carries its point; and the leſs it is ſuſpected of it, it ſhews the more maſterly conduct, and deſerves the greater commendation.

It holds true in this province of writing, as in war, "The more danger, the more honour." It muſt be very enterpriſing: it muſt (in Shakeſpear's ſtyle,) have hair-breadth 'ſcapes; and often tread the very brink of error: nor can it ever deſerve the applauſe of the real judge, unleſs it renders itſelf obnoxious to the miſapprehenſions of the contrary.

Such is Caſimire's ſtrain among the moderns, whoſe lively wit and happy fire is an honour to them. And Buchanan might juſtly be much admired, if any thing more than the ſweetneſs of his numbers, and the purity of his diction, was his own: his original, from which I have taken my motto, thro' all the diſadvantages of a northern proſe tranſlation, is ſtill admirable; and Cowley ſays, as preferable in beauty to Buchanan, as Judea is to Scotland.

Pindar, Anacreon, Sappho, and Horace, are the great maſters of Lyric poetry among heathen writers.

Pindar's muſe, like Sachariſſa, is a ſtately, imperious and accompliſhed beauty; equally diſdaining the uſe of art, and the fear of any rival; ſo intoxicating, that it was the higheſt commendation that could be given an ancient, that he was not afraid to taſte of her charms:

"*Pindarici fontes qui non expalluit hauſtus.*"

A danger which Horace declares he durſt not run.

Anacreon's muſe is like Amoret, moſt ſweet, natural, and delicate, all over flowers, graces, and charms; inſpiring complacency, not awe; and ſhe ſeems to have good-nature enough to admit a rival, which ſhe cannot find.

Sappho's muſe, like lady ——, is paſſionately tender and glowing; like oil ſet on fire, ſhe is ſoft and warm in exceſs. Sappho has left us a few fragments only; time has ſwallowed the reſt; but that little which remains, like the remaining jewel of Cleopatra, after the other was diſſolved at her banquet, may be eſteemed (as was that jewel) a ſufficient ornament for the goddeſs of beauty herſelf.

Horace's muſe, (like one I ſhall not preſume to name,) is correct, ſolid, and moral: ſhe joins all the ſweetneſs and majeſty, all the ſenſe and the fire, of the former, in the juſteſt proportions and degrees; ſuperadding a felicity of dreſs entirely her own. She moreover is diſtinguiſhable by this particularity, that ſhe abounds in hidden graces and ſecret charms, which none but the diſcerning can diſcover; nor are any capable of doing full juſtice in their opinion to her excellencies, without giving the world, at the ſame time,

time, an inconteſtable proof of refinement in their own underſtandings.

But, after all, to the honour of our own country, I muſt add, that I think Mr. Dryden's ode on St. Cecilia's day, inferior to no compoſition of this kind. Its chief beauty conſiſts in adapting the numbers moſt happily to the variety of the occaſion; thoſe by which he has choſen to expreſs majeſty, *viz.*

" *Aſſumes the god,*
" *Affects to nod,*
" *And ſeems to ſhake the ſpheres* :"

are choſen in the following ode, becauſe the ſubject of it is great.

For the more harmony, likewiſe, I choſe the frequent return of rhyme, which laid me under great difficulties; but difficulties overcome, give grace and pleaſure: nor can I account for the pleaſure of rhyme in general, (of which the moderns are too fond,) but from this truth.

But then the writer muſt take care that the difficulty is overcome; that is, he muſt make rhyme conſiſtent with as perfect ſenſe and expreſſion as could be expected if he was free from that ſhackle; otherwiſe, it gives neither grace to the work, nor pleaſure to the reader, nor, conſequently, reputation to the poet.

To ſum the whole. Ode ſhould be peculiar, but not ſtrained; moral, but not flat; natural, but not obvious; delicate, but not affected; noble, but nor ambitious; full, but not obſcure; fiery, but not mad; thick, but not loaded, in its numbers, which ſhould be moſt harmonious, without the leaſt ſacrifice of expreſſion

expreſſion or of ſenſe. Above all, in this, as in every work of genius, ſomewhat of an original ſpirit ſhould be, at leaſt, attempted; otherwiſe the poet, whoſe character diſclaims mediocrity, makes a ſecondary praiſe his ultimate ambition; which has ſomething of a contradiction in it. Originals only have true life; and differ as much from the beſt imitations, as men from the moſt animated pictures of them. Nor is what I ſay at all inconſiſtent with a due deference for the great ſtandards of antiquity; nay, that very deference is an argument for it, for doubtleſs their example is on my ſide in this matter. And we ſhould rather imitate their example in the general motives and fundamental methods of their working, than in their works themſelves. This is a diſtinction I think not hitherto made, and a diſtinction of conſequence. For the firſt may make us their equals; the ſecond muſt pronounce us their inferiors, even in our utmoſt ſucceſs. But the firſt of theſe prizes is not ſo readily taken by the Moderns, as valuables too maſſy for eaſy carriage are not ſo liable to the thief.

The ancients had a particular regard to the choice of their ſubjects; which were generally national and great. My ſubject is in its own nature noble, moſt proper for an Engliſhman; never more proper than on this occaſion; and (what is ſtrange) hitherto unſung.

If I ſtand not abſolutely condemned by my own rules; if I have hit the ſpirit of ode in general; if I cannot think with Mr. Cowley, that "muſic alone, "ſometimes, makes an excellent ode,"

"*Verſus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ;*"

if

if there is any thought, enthuſiaſm, and picture, which are as the body, ſoul, and robe of poetry; in a word, if in any degree I have provided rather food for men, than air for wits; I hope ſmaller faults will meet indulgence, for the ſake of the deſign, which is the glory of my country and my king.

And indeed, this may be ſaid in general, that great ſubjects are above being nice; that dignity and ſpirit ever ſuffer from ſcrupulous exactneſs; and that the minuter cares effeminate a compoſition. Great maſters of poetry, painting, and ſtatuary, in their nobler works, have even affected the contrary. And juſtly: for a truly maſculine air partakes more of the negligent than of the neat, both in writings and in life.

"*Granis oratio haberet majeſtatis ſuæ pondus.*" PET.

A poem, like a criminal, under too ſevere correction, may loſe all its ſpirit, and expire. We know it was *faber imus*, that was ſuch an artiſt at a hair or a nail; and we know the cauſe was,

"*Quia ponere totum*
"*Neſcius.*"—— HOR.

To cloſe: If a piece of this nature wants an apology, I muſt own, that thoſe who have ſtrength of mind ſufficient profitably to devote the whole of their time to the ſeverer ſtudies, I deſpair of imitating, I can only envy and admire. The mind is relieved and ſtrengthened by variety; and he that ſometimes is ſporting with his pen, is only taking the moſt effectual means of giving a general importance to it.

This

This truth is clear from the knowledge of human nature and of hiſtory; from which I could cite very celebrated inſtances, did I not fear, that by citing them I ſhould condemn myſelf, who am ſo little qualified to follow their example in its full extent.

I M-

# *IMPERIUM PELAGI;*

A

# NAVAL LYRIC:

Written in Imitation of

## PINDAR's SPIRIT.

Occaſioned by

His MAJESTY's return from Hanover, September 1729, and the ſucceeding PEACE.

*Monte decurrens velut amnis, imbres*
*Quem ſuper notas aluere ripas,*
*Fervet, immenſuſque ruit profundo*
Pindarus *ore.*

*Concines lætoſque dies, et urbis*
*Publicum ludum, ſuper impetrato*
*Fortis* Auguſti *reditu.* HOR.

# PREFACE.

*A PINDARIC carries a formidable ſound; but there is nothing formidable in the true nature of it, of which (with utmoſt ſubmiſſion) I conceive the critics have hitherto entertained a falſe idea. Pindar is as natural as Anacreon, though not ſo familiar: as a fixed ſtar is as much in the bounds of nature as a flower of the field, though leſs obvious, and of greater dignity. This is not the received notion of Pindar. I ſhall therefore ſoon ſupport at large that hint which is now given.*

*Trade is a very noble ſubject in itſelf; more proper than any for an Engliſhman; and particularly ſeaſonable at this juncture.*

*We have more ſpecimens of good writing in every province than in the ſublime, our two famous epic poems excepted. I was willing to make an attempt where I had the feweſt rivals.*

*If, on reading this ode, any man has a fuller idea of the real intereſt, or poſſible glory, of his country, than before; or a ſtronger impreſſion from it, or a warmer concern for it; I give up to the critic any further reputation.*

*We have many copies and tranſlations that paſs for originals. This ode, I humbly conceive, is an original, though it profeſſes imitation. No man can be like Pindar, by imitating any of his particular works; any more than like Raphael, by copying the Carteons. The genius and*

*ſpirit*

*ſpirit of ſuch great men muſt be collected from the whole; and when thus we are poſſeſſed of it, we muſt exert its energy in ſubjects and deſigns of our own. Nothing is ſo unpindarical as following Pindar on the foot. Pindar is an original; and he muſt be ſo too who would be like Pindar in that which is his greateſt praiſe. Nothing ſo unlike as a cloſe copy and a noble original.*

*As for length, Pindar has an unbroken ode of ſix hundred lines. Nothing is ſo long or ſhort in writing, but relatively to the demand of the ſubject, and the manner of treating it. A diſtich may be long, and a folio ſhort. However, I have broken this ode into ſtrains; each of which may be conſidered as a ſeparate ode, if you pleaſe. And if the variety and fulneſs of matter be conſidered, I am rather apprehenſive of danger from brevity in this ode, than from length. But lank writing is what I think ought moſt to be declined, if for nothing elſe, for our plenty of it.*

*The ode is the moſt ſpirited kind of poetry, and the Pindaric is the moſt ſpirited kind of ode. This I ſpeak at my own very great peril; but truth has an eternal title to our confeſſion, though we are ſure to ſuffer by it.*

CON-

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The ODE consists of a Prelude; five Strains; a Moral; a Close; and a Chorus.

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STRAIN III. An inference from this history. Advice to Britain. More proper to her than other nations. How far the stroke of tyranny reaches. What supports our endeavours. The unconsidered benefits of liberty. Britain's obligation to pursue trade. Why above half the globe is sea. Britain's grandeur from her situation. The winds, the seas, the constellations, described. Sir Isaac Newton's praise. Britain compared with other states. The Leviathan described. Britain's site, and ancient title to the seas.

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## The MORAL.

The moſt happy ſhould be the moſt virtuous. Of eternity. What Britain's art ſhould be. Whence ſlavery.

## The CLOSE.

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## CHORUS.

THE

# MERCHANT,

AN

# ODE

On the Britiſh Trade and Navigation.

To his GRACE

The DUKE of CHANDOS.

πλατείαις παντοθεν λογιοι-
σιν εντι προσοδοι,
ναυσιν ευκλεα των
δε κοσμειειν.

PIND. Nem. Ode vi.

## PRELUDE.

I.

FAST by the ſurge my limbs are ſpread;
The naval oak nods o'er my head;
The winds are loud; the waves tumult'ous rowl;
Ye winds! indulge your rage no more:
Ye ſounding billows! ceaſe to roar:
The god deſcends, and tranſports warm my ſoul.

II. The

II.

The waves are huſh'd; the winds are ſpent;
This kingdom, from the kingdoms rent,
I celebrate in ſong. Fam'd iſle! no leſs,
By nature's favour, from mankind,
Than by the foaming ſea disjoin'd;
Alone in bliſs! an iſle in happineſs!

III.

Tho' Fate and Time have damp'd my ſtrains,
Tho' youth no longer fires my veins,
Tho' ſlow their ſtreams in this cold climate run;
The royal eye diſpels my cares,
Recals the warmth of blooming years,
Returning GEORGE ſupplies the diſtant ſun.

IV.

Away, my ſoul! ſalute the Pine †,
That glads the heart of CAROLINE,
Its grand depoſit faithful to reſtore;
Salute the bark that ne'er ſhould hold
So rich a freight in gems or gold,
And loaded from both Indies would be poor.

V.

My ſoul! to thee ſhe ſpreads her ſails;
Their boſoms fill with ſacred gales;
With inſpiration from the godhead warm;
Now bound for an eternal clime,
O ſend her down the tide of Time,
Snatch'd from oblivion, and ſecure from ſtorm.

VI.

Or teach this flag like that to ſoar,
Which gods of old and heroes bore;
Bid her a Britiſh conſtellation riſe——

† The veſſel in which the king came over,

The

The ſea ſhe ſcorns; and, now, ſhall bound
On lofty billows of ſweet ſound;
I am her pilot, and her port the ſkies!

VII.

Dare you to ſing, ye twinkling train?
Silence, ye wretched! ye profane!
Who ſhackle proſe, and boaſt of abſent gods;
Who murder thought, and numbers maim,
Who write Pindarics cold and lame,
And labour ſtiff Anacreontic odes.

VIII.

Ye lawful ſons of genius, riſe!
Of genuine title to the ſkies;
Ye founts of learning! and ye mints of fame!
You, who file off the mortal part
Of glowing thought, with Attic art,
And drink pure ſong from Cam's or Iſis' ſtream.

IX.

I glow, I burn! the numbers pure,
High-flavour'd, delicate, mature,
Spontaneous ſtream from my unlabour'd breaſt;
As when full-ripen'd teems the vine,
The gen'rous burſts of willing wine,
Diſtil nectareous from the grape unpreſs'd.

## STRAIN I.

I.

*Our monarch comes! nor comes alone!*
What ſhining forms ſurround his throne,
O ſun! as planets thee! To my loud ſtrain
See Peace, by Wiſdom led, advance;
The Grace, the Muſe, the Seaſon, dance!
And plenty ſpreads behind her flowing train!

II.

*Our monarch comes! nor comes alone!*
New glories kindle round his throne;
The viſions riſe! I triumph as I gaze.
By Pindar led, I turn'd of late
The volume dark, the folds of Fate;
And, now, am preſent to the future blaze.

III.

By George and Jove it is decreed,
The mighty months in pomp proceed,
Fair daughters of the ſun!—O thou divine,
Bleſs'd induſtry! a ſmiling earth
From thee alone derives its birth:
By thee the ploughſhare and its maſter ſhine.

IV.

From thee, maſt, cable, anchor, oar,
From thee the cannon, and his roar;
On oaks nurs'd, rear'd by thee, wealth, empire grows;
O golden fruit! oak well might prove
The ſacred tree, the tree of Jove;
All Jove can give, the naval oak beſtows.

V.

What cannot Induſtry complete?
* When Punic war firſt flam'd, the great,
Bold, active, ardent Roman fathers meet:
"Fell all your groves," a Flamen cries;
As ſoon they fall; as ſoon they riſe;
One moon a foreſt, and the next a fleet.

VI.

Is ſloth indulgence? 'Tis a toil;
Enervates man, and damns the ſoil;
Defeats creation, plunges in diſtreſs,

* L. Florus.

Cankers

Cankers our being; all devours:
A full exertion of our pow'rs!
Thence, and thence only, glows our happineſs.

VII.

The ſtream may ſtagnate, yet be clear:
The ſun ſuſpend his ſwift career,
Yet healthy Nature feel her wonted force;
'Ere man, his active ſprings reſign'd,
Can ruſt in body and in mind,
Yet taſte of bliſs, of which he choaks the ſource.

VIII.

Where, Induſtry! thy daughter fair?
Recal her to her native air:
Here was Trade born, here bred, here flouriſh'd long;
And ever ſhall ſhe flouriſh here:
What though ſhe languiſh'd? 'twas but fear;
She's ſound of heart, her conſtitution's ſtrong.

IX.

Wake, ſting her up. Trade! lean no more
On thy fix'd anchor, puſh from ſhore;
Earth lies before thee, ev'ry climate court.
And ſee, ſhe's rous'd, abſolv'd from fears,
Her brow in cloudleſs azure rears,
Spreads all her ſail, and opens every port.

X.

See, cheriſh'd by her ſiſter, Peace,
She levies gain on ev'ry place,
Religion, habit, cuſtom, tongue and name!
Again, ſhe travels with the ſun,
Again, ſhe draws a golden zone
Round earth and main; bright zone of wealth and [fame!

XI.

Ten thouſand active hands, that hung
In ſhameful ſloth, with nerves unſtrung,

The nation's languid load, defy the ſtorms,
The ſheets unfurl, and anchor's weigh,
The long-moor'd veſſels wing to ſea,
Worlds worlds ſalute, and peopled ocean ſwarms.

XII.

His ſons, Po, Ganges, Danube, Nile,
Their ſedgy foreheads lift and ſmile,
Their urns inverted prodigally pour
Streams charg'd with wealth, and vow to buy
Britannia for their great ally,
With climes paid down; what can the gods do more?

XIII.

Cold Ruſſia coſtly furs, from far
Hot China ſends her painted jar,
France gen'rous wines to crown it, Arab ſweet
With gales of incenſe ſwells our ſails,
Nor diſtant Ind one merchant fails,
Her richeſt ore the ballaſt of our fleet.

XIV.

Luxuriant iſle! what tide that flows,
Or ſtream that glides, or wind that blows,
Or genial ſun that ſhines, or ſhow'r that pours,
But flows, glides, breathes, ſhines, pours for thee?
How every heart dilates to ſee
Each land's each ſeaſon bending on thy ſhores?

XV.

All theſe one Britiſh harveſt make!
The ſervant Ocean, for thy ſake,
Both ſinks and ſwells: his arms thy boſom wrap;
And fondly give in boundleſs dow'r
To mighty GEORGE's growing pow'r,
The wafted world into thy loaded lap.

XVI.

XVI.

Commerce brings riches, riches crown
Fair virtue with the firſt renown:
A large revenue, and a large expence,
When hearts for others welfare glow,
And ſpend as free as gods beſtow,
Gives the full bloom to mortal excellence.

XVII.

Glow then, my breaſt! abound, my ſtore!
This, and this boldly I implore;
Their want and apathy let Stoics boaſt:
Paſſions and riches, good or ill,
As us'd by man, demand our ſkill:
All bleſſings wound us, when diſcretion's loſt.

XVIII.

Wealth, in the virtuous and the wiſe,
'Tis vice and folly to deſpiſe:
Let thoſe in praiſe of poverty refine,
Whoſe heads or hearts pervert its uſe,
The narrow-ſoul'd or the profuſe,
The truly great find morals in the mine.

XIX.

Happy the man! who large of heart,
Has learnt the rare, illuſtrious art
Of being rich: ſtores ſtarve us, or they cloy,
From gold if more than chymic ſkill
Extract not what is brighter ſtill:
'Tis hard to gain, much harder to enjoy.

XX.

Plenty's a means, and joy her end:
Exalted minds their joys extend.
A Chandos ſhines, when other's joys are done;

As lofty turrets by their height,
When humble ſcenes reſign their light,
Retain the rays of the declining ſun.

XXI.

Pregnant with bleſſings, Britain! ſwear
No ſordid ſin of thine ſhall dare
Offend the donor of thy wealth and peace:
Who now his whole creation drains
To pour into thy tumid veins
That blood of nations; commerce and increaſe.

XXII.

How various Nature! Turgid grain,
Here nodding floats the golden plain;
There worms weave ſilken webs, here glowing vines
Lay forth their purple to the ſun:
Beneath the ſoil, there harveſts run,
And king's revenues ripen in the mines.

XXIII.

What's various Nature? art divine,
Man's ſoul to ſoften and refine:
Heav'n diff'rent growths to diff'rent lands imparts,
That all may ſtand in need of all,
And int'reſt draw around the ball
A net to catch and join all human hearts.

XXIV.

Thus has the great CREATOR's pen,
His law ſupreme to mortal men,
In their neceſſities diſtinctly writ:
Ev'n appetite ſupplies the place
Of abſent virtue, abſent grace,
And human want performs for human wit.

XXV.

Vaſt naval enſigns ſtrow'd around,
The wond'ring foreigner confound:

How

How ſtands the deep-aw'd continent aghaſt,
As her proud ſceptred ſons ſurvey,
At ev'ry port, on ev'ry key,
Huge mountains riſe, of cable, anchor, maſt!

XXVI.

Th' unwieldy tun! the pond'rous bale!
Each prince his own clime ſet to ſale
Sees here, by ſubjects of a Britiſh king:
How earth's abridg'd! all nations range
A narrow ſpot! our throng'd Exchange,
And ſend the ſtreams of plenty from their ſpring.

XXVII.

Nor earth alone, all nature bends
In aid to Britain's glorious ends:
Toils ſhe in trade? or bleeds in honeſt wars?
Her keel each yielding ſea enthrals,
Each willing wind her canvas calls,
Her pilot into ſervice lifts the ſtars.

XXVIII.

In ſize confin'd, and humbly made,
What tho' we creep beneath the ſhade,
And ſeem as emmets on this point the ball?
Heav'n lighted up the human ſoul,
Heav'n bid its rays tranſpierce the whole,
And giving godlike reaſon, gave us all.

XXIX.

Thou golden chain 'twixt God and men,
Bleſt Reaſon! guide my life and pen;
All ills, like ghoſts, fly trembling at thy light.
Who thee obeys, reigns over all;
Smiles, though the ſtars around him fall;
A God is nought but reaſon infinite.

XXX.

The man of reaſon is a god,
Who ſcorns to ſtoop to Fortune's nod;
Sole agent he beneath the ſhining ſphere.
Others are paſſive, are impell'd,
Are frighten'd, flatter'd, ſunk, or ſwell'd,
As accident is pleas'd to domineer.

XXXI.

Our hopes and fears are much to blame;
Shall monarchs awe? or crowns inflame?
From groſs miſtake our idle tumult ſprings:
Thoſe men the ſilly world diſarm,
Elude the dart, diſſolve the charm,
Who know the ſlender worth of men and things.

XXXII.

The preſent object, preſent day,
Are idle phantoms, and away;
What's laſting only does exiſt. Know this,
Life, fame, friends, freedom, empire, call;
Peace, commerce, freedom, nobly fall,
To launch us on the flood of endleſs bliſs.

XXXIII.

How foreign theſe, though moſt in view!
Go, look your whole exiſtence through;
Thence form your rule; thence fix your eſtimate:
For ſo the gods. But as the gains,
How great the toil? 'twill coſt more pains
To vanquiſh folly than reduce a ſtate.

XXXIV.

Hence, Reaſon! the firſt palm is thine:
Old Britain learnt from thee to ſhine;
By thee, Trade's ſwarming throng, gay Freedom's ſmile,

Armies,

Armies, in war of fatal frown,
Of peace the pride, Art's flowing gown,
Enrich, exalt, defend, inſtruct our iſle.

## STRAIN II.

I.

COMMERCE gives arts, as well as gain;
By Commerce wafted o'er the main,
They barb'rous climes enlighten as they run;
Arts, the rich traffic of the ſoul!
May travel thus from pole to pole,
And gild the world with learning's brighter ſun.

II.

Commerce gives learning, virtue, gold!
Ply commerce, then, ye Britons bold,
Inur'd to winds and ſeas! leſt gods repent:
The gods that thron'd you in the wave,
And, as the trident's emblem, gave
A triple realm that awes the continent:

III.

And awes with wealth; for wealth is pow'r:
When Jove deſcends a golden ſhow'r.
'Tis navies, armies, empire, all in one.——
View, emulate, outſhine old Tyre;
In ſcarlet rob'd, with gems on fire.
Her merchants princes! every deck a throne!

IV.

She ſat an empreſs! aw'd the flood!
Her ſtable column Ocean trod;
She call'd the nations, and ſhe call'd the ſeas,
By both obey'd: the Syrian ſings;
The Cyprian's art her viol ſtrings:
Togarmah's ſteed along the valley neighs.

v.

The fir of Senir makes her floor;
And Bashan's oak, transform'd, her oar;
High Lebanon her mast: far Dedan warms
Her mantled host; Arabia feeds;
Her sail of purple Egypt spreads;
Arvad sends mariners; the Persian, arms.

vi.

The world's last limit bounds her fame,
The Golden City was her name!
Those stars on earth, the topaz, onyx, blaze
Beneath her foot: extent of coast,
And rich as Nile's, let others boast;
Her's the far nobler harvest of the seas.

vii.

O merchant land! as Eden fair!
Ancient of empires! Nature's care!
The strength of Ocean! head of Plenty's springs!
The pride of isles! in wars rever'd!
Mother of crafts! lov'd! courted! fear'd!
Pilot of kingdoms! and support of kings!

viii.

Great mart of nations! —But she fell:
Her pamper'd sons revolt! rebel!
Against his favourite isle loud roars the main!
The tempest howls! her sculptur'd dome
Soon the wolf's refuge, dragon's home!
The land, one altar! a whole people slain!

ix.

The destin'd day puts on her frown;
The sable hour is coming down;
She's on her march from yon almighty throne:

The

The ſword and ſtorm are in her hand;
She trumpets thrill her dread command:
Dark be the light of earth, the boaſt, unknown!

X.

For, oh! her ſins as red as blood,
As crimſon deep, outcry the flood;
The queen of trade is bought, once wiſe and juſt;
Now, venal is her council's tongue:
How riot, violence and wrong,
Turn gold to droſs, her bloſſom into duſt!

XI.

To things inglorious, far beneath
Thoſe high-born ſouls they proudly breathe,
Her ſordid nobles ſink! her mighty bow!
Is it for this the groves around
Return the tabret's ſprightly ſound?
Is it for this the great ones toſs the brow?

XII.

What burning feuds 'twixt brothers reign!
To nuptials cold, how glow the vein,
Confounding kindred, and miſleading right?
The ſpurious lord it o'er the land!
Bold Blaſphemy dares make a ſtand,
Aſſault the ſky, and brandiſh all her might!

XIII.

Tyre's artizan, ſweet orator,
Her merchant, ſage, big man of war,
Her judge, her prophet, nay her hoary heads
Whoſe brows with wiſdom ſhould be crown'd,
Her very prieſts, in guilt abound:
Hence, the world's cedar all her honours ſheds.

XIV.

What dearth of truth, what thirſt of gold!
Chiefs warm in peace, in battle cold!

What youth unletter'd! baſe ones lifted high!
What public boaſts! what private views!
What deſart temples! crowded ſtews!
What women—practis'd but to rowl an eye!

XV.

O! foul of heart, her faireſt dames
Decline the ſun's intruding beams,
To mad the midnight in their gloomy haunts:
Alas! there is who ſees them there;
There is who flatters not the fair,
When cymbals tinkle, and the virgin chaunts.

XVI.

He ſees and thunders!—Now in vain
The courſer paws and foams the rein,
And chariots ſtream along the printed ſoil:
In vain her high preſumpt'ous air
In gorgeous veſtments, rich and rare,
O'er her proud ſhoulder throws the poor man's toil.

XVII.

In robes or gems, her coſtly ſtain
Green, ſcarlet, azure, ſhine in vain!
In vain their golden head her turrets rear;
In vain high-flavour'd, foreign fruits,
Sidonian oils, and Lydian lutes,
Glide o'er her tongue, and melt upon her ear.

XVIII.

In vain wine flows in various ſtreams,
With helm and ſpear each pillar gleams;
Damaſcus vain! unfolds the gloſſy ſtore,
The golden wedge from Ophir's coaſts,
From Arab incenſe, vain, ſhe boaſts;
Vain are her gods, and vainly men adore.

XIX.

XIX.

Bell falls! the mighty Nebo bends!
The nations hiſs! her glory ends!
To ſhips, her confidence! ſhe flies from foes;
Foes meet her there: the wind, the wave,
That once aid, ſtrength, and grandeur gave,
Plunge her in ſeas from which her glory roſe.

XX.

Her iv'ry deck, embroider'd ſail,
And maſt of cedar, nought avail,
Or pilot learn'd! ſhe ſinks, nor ſinks alone,
Her gods ſink with her! to the ſky,
Which never more ſhall meet her eye,
She ſends her ſoul out in one dreadful groan.

XXI.

What though ſo vaſt her naval might,
In her firſt dawn'd the Britiſh right,
‡ All flags abas'd her ſea-dominion greet?
What though ſhe longer warr'd than Troy?
At length her foes that iſle deſtroy
Whoſe conqueſt ſail'd as far as ſail'd her fleet.

XXII.

The kings ſhe cloth'd in purple, ſhake
Their awful brows: "O foul miſtake!
"O fatal pride! (they cry;) this, this is ſhe,
"Who ſaid—With my own art and arm,
"In the world's wealth I wrap me warm—
"And ſwell'd at heart, vain empreſs of the ſea!

XXIII.

"This, this is ſhe, who meanly ſoar'd:
"Alas! how low to be ador'd,
"And ſtyle herſelf a god!—Through ſtormy wars
"This

‡ Q. Curtius.

" This eagle-isle her thunder bore,
" High-fed her young with human gore;
" And would have built her nest among the stars.

XXIV.

" But ah, frail man! how impotent
" To stand Heav'n's vengeance, or prevent!
" To turn aside the great CREATOR's aim!
" Shall island-kings with him contend,
" Who makes the poles beneath him bend,
" And shall drink up the sea herself with flame!

XXV.

" Earth, æther, empyreum bow,
" When from the brazen mountain's brow
" The GOD of battles takes his mighty bow:
" Of wrath prepares to pour the flood,
" Puts on his vesture dipt in blood,
" And marches out to scourge the world below.

XXVI.

" Ah wretched isle, once call'd the Great!
" Ah wretched isle, and wise too late!
" The vengeance of JEHOVAH is gone out:
" Thy luxury, corruption, pride,
" And freedom lost, the realms deride,
" Ador'd thee standing, o'er thy ruins shout:

XXVII.

" To scourge with war, or peace bestow,
" Was thine, O fallen! fallen low!
" Twas thine, of jarring thrones to still debates:
" How art thou fallen, down, down, down!
" Wide, waste, and night, and horror frown,
" Where empire flam'd in gold, and balanc'd states."

STRAIN.

## STRAIN III.

I.

HENCE learn, as hearts are foul or pure,
Our fortunes wither or endure:
Nations may thrive or periſh by the wave.
What ſtorms from Jove's unwilling frown,
A people's crimes ſolicit down!
Ocean's the womb of riches and the grave.

II.

This truth, O Britain! ponder well;
Virtues ſhould riſe, as fortunes ſwell:
What is large property?——The ſign of good,
Of worth ſuperior: if 'tis leſs,
Another's treaſure we poſſeſs,
And charge the gods with favours misbeſtow'd.

III.

This counſel ſuits Britannia's iſle,
High-fluſh'd with wealth and freedom's ſmile:
To vaſſals priſon'd in the continent,
Who ſtarve, at home, on meagre toil,
And ſuck to death their mother ſoil,
'Twere uſeleſs caution, and a truth miſpent.

IV.

Fell tyrants ſtrike beyond the bone,
And wound the ſoul; bow genius down,
Lay virtue waſte! For worth or arts who ſtrain,
To throw them at a monſter's foot?
'Tis property ſupports purſuit:
Freedom gives eloquence; and Freedom, gain.

V.

She pours the thought, and forms the ſtyle;
She makes the blood and ſpirits boil:

I feel

I feel her now! and rouze, and riſe, and rave
In Theban ſong; O muſe! not thine,
Verſe is gay Freedom's gift divine:
The man that can think greatly is no ſlave.

VI.

Others may traffic if they pleaſe;
Britain, fair daughter of the ſeas,
Is born for trade, to plough her field the wave,
And reap the growth of every coaſt:
A ſpeck of land! but let her boaſt,
Gods gave the world, when they the waters gave.

VII.

Britain! behold the world's wide face;
Not cover'd half with ſolid ſpace,
Three parts are fluid: empire of the ſea!
And why? for commerce. Ocean ſtreams
For that, thro' all his various names:
And if for commerce, Ocean flows for thee.

VIII.

Britain, like ſome great potentate
Of Eaſtern clime, retires in ſtate,
Shuts out the nations! Would a prince draw nigh?
He paſſes her ſtrong guards the waves,
Of ſervant winds admiſſion craves,
Her empire has no neighbour but the ſky.

IX.

There are her friends; ſoft Zephyr there,
Keen Eurus, Notus never fair,
Rough Boreas burſting from the pole: all urge,
And urge for her, their various toil;
The Caſpian, the broad Baltic, boil,
And into life the dead Pacific ſcourge.

x.

There are her friends, a marſhal'd train!
A golden hoſt! and azure plain!
By turns do duty, and by turns retreat:
They may retreat, but not from her;
The ſtars that quit this hemiſphere
Muſt quit the ſkies to want a Britiſh fleet.

xi.

Hyad, for her, leans o'er her urn;
For her, Orion's glories burn,
The pleiads gleam. For Britons ſet and riſe
The fair-fac'd ſons of Mazeroth,
Near the deep chambers of the ſouth,
The raging dog that fires the midnight skies.

xii.

Theſe nations Newton made his own;
All intimate with him alone,
His mighty ſoul d'd, like a giant, run
To the laſt volume's cloſing ſtar;
Decypher'd every character:
His reaſon pour'd new light upon the ſun.

xiii.

Let the proud brothers of the land
Smile at our rock and barren ſtrand;
Not ſuch the ſea: let Fohe's ancient line
Vaſt tracts, and ample beings, vaunt;
The camel low, ſmall elephant;
O Britain! the Leviathan is thine.

xiv.

Leviathan! whom nature's ſtrife
Brought forth, her largeſt piece of life!
He ſleeps an iſle! his ſports the billows warm!

Dreadful

Dreadful Leviathan! thy ſpout
Invades the skies; the ſtars are out:
He drinks a river, and ejects a ſtorm.

XV.

Th' Atlantic ſurge around our ſhore,
German and Caledonian roar,
Their mighty Genii hold us in their lap——
Hear Egbert, Edgar, Ethelred;
"The ſeas are ours,"—the monarchs ſaid—
The floods their hands, their hands the nations, clap.

XVI.

Whence is a rival then to riſe?
Can he be found beneath the skies?
Not there they dwell that can give Britain fear;
The pow'rs of earth, by rival aim,
Her grandeur but the more proclaim;
And prove their diſtance moſt as they draw near.

XVII.

Proud Venice ſits amid the waves;
Her foot ambitious Ocean laves:
Art's nobleſt boaſt! but O what wond'rous odds,
'Twixt Venice and Britannia's iſle?
'Twixt mortal and immortal toil?
Britannia is a Venice built by gods.

XVIII.

Let Holland triumph o'er her foes,
But not o'er friends by whom ſhe roſe;
The child of Britain! and ſhall ſhe contend?
It were leſs than parricide!——
What wonders riſe from out the tide!
Her high and mighty to the rudder bend.

XIX.

And are there then of lofty brow,
Who think trade mean, and ſcorn to bow

So

So far beneath the ſtate of noble birth?
Alas! theſe chiefs but little know,
Commerce how high, themſelves how low;
The ſons of nobles are the ſons of earth.

XX.

And what have earth's mean ſons to do,
But reap her fruits, and warm purſue
The world's chief good, not glut on others' toil?
High Commerce from the gods came down,
With compaſs, chart, and ſtarry crown,
Their delegate to make the nations ſmile.

XXI.

Bluſh, and behold the Ruſſian bow,
From forty crowns, his mighty brow
To trade——to toil he turns his glorious hand;
That arm which ſwept the bloody field,
See! the huge ax or hammer wield;
While ſceptres wait, and thrones impatient ſtand.

XXII.

O ſhame to ſubjects! firſt renown,
Matchleſs example to the crown!
Old Time is poor: what age boaſts ſuch a ſight?
Ye drones! adore the man divine——
No, virtue, ſtill, as mean, decline,
Call Ruſſians barb'rous, and yourſelves polite.

XXIII.

He too of Judah great as wiſe,
With Hiram ſtrove in merchandiſe;
Monarchs with monarchs ſtruggle for an oar!
That merchant ſinking to his grave,
A flood of treaſure ſwells the cave;
The king left much, the merchant bury'd more *.

XXIV.

* Vaſt treaſure taken from Solomon's tomb 1300 years after his death; 3000 talents at one time, and an immenſe ſum the next.

XXIV.

Is merchant an inglorious name?
No; fit for Pindar ſuch a theme,
Too great for me; I pant beneath the weight!
If loud as Ocean's were my voice,
If words and thoughts to court my choice
Out number'd ſands, I could not reach its height.

XXV.

Merchants o'er proudeſt heroes reign;
Thoſe trade in bleſſing, theſe in pain,
At ſlaughter ſwell, and ſhout while nations groan:
With purple monarchs, merchants vie:
If great to ſpend, what to ſupply?
Prieſts pray for bleſſings, merchants pour 'em down.

XXVI.

Kings merchants are, in league, and love:
Earth's odours pay ſoft airs above,
That o'er the teeming field prolific range:
Planets are merchants, take, return
Luſtre and heat; by traffic burn:
The whole creation is one vaſt exchange.

XXVII.

Is merchant an inglorious name?
What ſay the ſons of letter'd fame,
Proud of their volumes, ſwelling in their cells?
In open life, in change of ſcene,
'Mid various manners, throngs of men,
Experience, arts, and ſolid wiſdom dwells.

XXVIII.

Trade, art's mechanic, Nature's ſtores
Well weighs; to ſtarry ſcience ſoars;
Reads warm in life (dead-colour'd by the pen)

The ſites, tongues, int'reſts, of the ball:
Who ſtudies trade, he ſtudies all;
Accompliſh'd merchants are accompliſh'd men.

## STRAIN IV.

I.

How ſhall I farther rouſe the ſoul!
How ſloth's laſcivious reign controul
By verſe with unextinguiſh'd ardour wrought?
How ev'ry breaſt inflame with mine?
How bid my theme ſtill brighter ſhine,
With wealth of words, and unexhauſted thought?

II.

O thou Dircæan ſwan on high,
Round whom familiar thunders fly!
While Jove attends a language like his own;
Thy ſpirit pour, like vernal ſhow'rs,
My verſe ſhall burſt out with the flow'rs,
While Britain's trade advances with her ſun.

III.

Tho' Britain was not born to fear,
Graſp not at bloody fame from war;
Nor war decline, if thrones your right invade:
Jove gathers tempeſt black as night;
Jove pours the golden flood of light;
Let Britain thunder, or let Britain trade.

IV.

Britain, a comet or a ſtar,
In commerce this, or that in war,
Let Britons ſhout! earth, ſeas, and ſkies, reſound!
Commerce to kindle, raiſe, preſerve,
And ſpirit dart through every nerve,
Hear from the throne * a voice thro' time renown'd.

V.

* The King's ſpeech.

V.

So fall from heav'n the vernal ſhow'rs,
To chear the glebe, and wake the flow'rs;
The bloom call'd forth, ſee azure ſkies diſplay'd;
The bird of voice is proud to ſing;
Induſtrious bees ply every wing,
Diſtend their cells, and urge their golden trade.

VI.

Trade once extinguiſhed, Britain's ſun
Is gone out too; his race is run;
He ſhines in vain! her life's an iſle indeed,
A ſpot too ſmall to be o'ercome;
Ah dreadful ſafety! wretched doom!
No foe will conquer, what no foe can feed.

VII.

Trade's the ſource, ſinew, ſoul of all:
Trade's All herſelf; hers, hers, the ball;
Where moſt unſeen, the goddeſs ſtill is there;
Trade leads the dance, Trade lights the blaze,
The courtier's pomp! the ſtudents eaſe!
'Twas Trade at Blenheim fought and clos'd the war.

VIII.

What Rome and all her gods defies?
The Punic oar. Behold it riſe
And battle for the world! Trade gave the call;
Rich cordials from his naval art
Sent the ſtrong ſpirits to his heart,
That bid an Afric merchant graſp the ball.

IX.

Where is, on earth, Jehovah's home?
Trade mark'd the ſoil, and built the dome,
In which His Majeſty firſt deign'd to dwell;

The

The walls with ſilver ſheets o'erlaid,
Rich as the ſun, through gold unweigh'd,
Bent the moon'd arch, and bid the column ſwell.

X.

Grandeur * unknown to Solomon!
Methinks the lab'ring earth ſhould groan,
Beneath yon load: created ſure, not made!
Servant and rival of the ſkies!
Heav'n's arch alone can higher riſe:
What hand immortal rais'd thee?—Humble Trade.

XI.

Where hadſt thou been, if left at large,
Thoſe ſinewy arms that tugg'd the barge,
Had caught at pleaſure on the flow'ry green?
If they that watch'd the midnight ſtar,
Had ſwung behind the rowling car,
Or fill'd it with diſgrace, where hadſt thou been?

XII.

As by repletion men conſume,
Abundance is the miſer's doom.
Expend it nobly; he that lets it ruſt,
Which, paſſing num'rous hands, would ſhine,
Is not a man, but living mine,
Foe to the gods, and rival to the duſt.

XIII.

Trade barb'rous lands can poliſh fair;
Make earth well worth the wiſe man's care;
Call forth her foreſts, charm them into fleets;
Can make one houſe of human race;
Can bid the diſtant poles embrace;
Her's every ſun; and India, India meets.

XIV.

Trade monarchs crowns, and arts imports,
What bounty feeds with laurel courts;

Trade

* St Paul's, built by the coal-tax.

Trade gives fair Virtue fairer ſtill to ſhine;
Enacts thoſe guards of gain, the laws;
Exalts even Freedom's glorious cauſe:
Trade, warn'd by Tyre, O make religion thine.

XV.

You lend each other mutual aid:
Why is Heav'n's ſmile in wealth convey'd?
Not to place vice, but virtues, in our power:
Pleaſure declin'd is luxury!
Boundleſs in time and in degree:
Pleaſure enjoy'd, the tumult of an hour.

XVI.

Falſe joy's a diſcompoſing thing,
That jars on Nature's trembling ſtring,
Tempeſts the ſpirits, and untunes the frame:
True joy the ſunſhine of the ſoul,
A bright ſerene that calms the whole;
Which they ne'er knew, whom other joys inflame.

XVII.

Merchant! religion is the care
To grow as rich—as angels are;
To know falſe coin from true; to ſweep the main.
The mighty ſtake ſecure, beyond
The ſtrongeſt tie of field or fund;
Commerce gives gold, religion makes it gain.

XVIII.

Join then religion to thy ſtore,
Or India's mines will make thee poor:
Greater than Tyre! O bear a nobler mind,
Sea-ſovereign iſle! proud War decline,
Trade patronize! what glory thine,
Ardent to bleſs, who couldſt ſubdue, mankind?

XIX.

XIX.

Rich commerce ply with warmth divine
By day, by night; the ſtars are thine:
Wear out the ſtars in trade! eternal run,
From age to age, the noble glow,
A rage to gain, and to beſtow,
While ages laſt! in trade burn out the ſun.

XX.

Trade, Britain's all, our fires ſent down,
With toil, blood, treaſure, ages won;
This Edgar great bequeath'd; this, Edward bold;
Let Forbiſhers, let Raleighs fire!
O let Columbus' * ſhade inſpire!
New worlds diſcloſe, with Drake ſurround an old.

XXI.

Columbus! ſcarce inferior fame
For thee to find, than Heav'n to frame,
That womb of gold and gem †: her wide domain,
An univerſe! her rivers, ſeas!
Her fruits, both men and gods to pleaſe!
Heav'n's faireſt birth! and but for thee in vain.

XXII.

Worlds ſtill unknown deep ſhadows wrap;
Call wonders forth from Nature's lap;
New glory pour on her eternal Sire:
O noble ſearch! O glorious care!
Are you not Britons? why deſpair?
New worlds are due to ſuch a godlike fire.

XXIII.

Swear by the great Eliza's ſoul,
That trade as long as waters roll:
Ah! no; the gods chaſtiſe my raſh decree;



* Born in England. † Vid. Deſcriptions of America.

By great ELIZA do not ſwear:
For thee, O GEORGE! the gods declare,
And thou for them! late time ſhall ſwear by thee.

XXIV.

Truth, bright as ſtars, with thee prevails;
Full be thy fame, as ſwelling ſails:
Conſtant, as tides, thy mind; as maſts, elate;
Thy juſtice an unerring helm,
To ſteer Britannia's fickle realm;
Thy num'rous race, ſure anchor of her ſtate.

## STRAIN V.

I.

BRITANNIA's ſtate what bounds confine?
(Of riſing thought, O golden mine!)
Mountains, Alps, ſtreams, gulphs, oceans, ſet no bound;
She ſallies, till ſhe ſtrikes the ſtar;
Expanding wide, and launching far,
As wind can fly, or rolling wave reſound.

II.

Small iſle! for Cæſars, for the ſon
Of Jove who burſt from Macedon,
For gorgeous Eaſterns blazing o'er mankind,
Then when they call'd the world their own,
Not equal fame from fable ſhone:
They roſe to gods in half thy ſphere confin'd.

III.

Here, no demand for Fancy's wing;
Plain Truth's illuſtrious: as I ſing,
O hear yon ſpangled harp repeat my lay!
Yon ſtarry lyre has caught the ſound,
And ſpreads it to the planets round,
Who beſt can tell where ends Britannia's ſway.

IV.

IV.

The ſkies (fair printed page) unfold
The naval fame of heroes old!
As in a mirror ſhew th' adventurous throng:
The deeds of Grecian mariners
Are read by gods, are writ in ſtars,
And noble verſe that ſhall endure as long.

V.

The ſkies are records of the main:
Thence, Argo liſtens to my ſtrain;
Chiron, for ſong renown'd, his noble rage
For naval fame and ſong renews,
As Britain's fame he hears and views;
Chiron, the Shovel of a former age.

VI.

The whale (for late I ſung his praiſe)
Pours grateful luſtre on my lays;
How ſmiles * Arion's friend with partial beams!
Eridanus would flatter too.
But jealouſies his ſmiles ſubdue;
He fears a Britiſh rival in the Thames.

VII.

In pride the lion lifts his mane,
To ſee his Britiſh brothers reign
As ſtars below: the balance, George! from thine,
Which weighs the nations, learns to weigh
More accurate the night and day;
From thy fair daughters Virgo learns to ſhine.

VIII.

Of Britain's court ye leſſer lights!
How could the wiſe man gaze whole nights
On Richmond's eye or Berenice's hair?



* The Dolphin.

But, oh! you practiſe ſhameful arts;
Your own retain, ſeize others hearts;
Pirates, not merchants, are the Britiſh fair.

IX.

This truth I ſwear by Cynthia's beam.
Pale queen! be fluſh'd at Britain's fame;
And rolling, tell the nations,—"O'er the main
"To ſhare her empire is my pride."
He, mighty Pow'r! who curbs the tide,
Uncurbs, extends, throws wide Britannia's reign.

X.

What is the main, ye kings renown'd?
Britannia's centre, and your bound:
Auſtrian! where'er Leviathan can roll,
Is Britain's home! and Britain's mine,
Where-e'er the ripening ſun can ſhine!
Parts are for emperors; for her the whole.

XI.

Why, Auſtrian! wilt thou hover ſtill
On doubtful wing, and want the skill
To ſee thy welfare in the world's? too late
Another Churchill thou may'ſt find,
Another Churchill not ſo kind,
And other Blenheims big with other fate.

XII.

Ill thou remember'ſt, ill do'ſt own,
Who reſcu'd an ungrateful throne;
Ill thou conſider'ſt, that the kind are brave;
Ill doſt thou weigh, that in Time's womb
A day my ſleep, a day of doom,
As great to ruin as was that to ſave.

XIII.

How would'ſt thou ſmile to hear my ſtrain,
Whoſe boaſted inſpiration's vain?

Yet

Yet what if my prediction ſhould prove true?
Know'ſt thou the fatal pair, who ſhine
O'er Britain's trading empire? thine
As one rejected, what if one ſubdue?

XIV.

What naval ſcene * adorns the ſeat
Of awful Britain's high debate,
Inſpires her councils, and records her pow'r?
The nations know, in glowing balls
On ſinking thrones the tempeſt falls,
When her auguſt, aſſembled ſenates lowr.

XV.

O language fit for thoughts ſo bold!
Would Britain have her anger told?
Ah! never let a meaner language ſound,
Than that which proſtrates human ſouls,
Thro' Heav'n's dark vault impetuous rolls,
And Nature rocks when angry Jove has frown'd.

XVI.

Not realms unbounded, not a flood
Of natives, not expence of blood,
Or reach of counſel, gives the world a lord;
Trade calls him forth, and ſets him high,
As mortal man o'er men can fly:
Trade leaves poor gleanings to the keeneſt ſword.

XVII.

Nay, hers the ſword? for fleets have wings,
Like light'ning fly to diſtant kings;
Like gods deſcend at once on trembling ſtates:
Is war proclaim'd? our wars are hurl'd
To fartheſt confines of the world,
Surpriſe your ports, and thunder at your gates.



* The Spaniſh armada in the houſe of Lords.

XVIII.

The king of tempeſts, Æolus,
Sends forth his pinion'd people thus,
On rapid errands: as they fly they roar,
And carry ſable clouds, and ſweep
The land, the deſart, and the deep!
Earth ſhakes! proud cities fall, and thrones adore!

XIX.

The fools of nature ever ſtrike
On bare outſides; and lothe or like
As glitter bids; in endleſs error vie;
Admire the purple and the crown:
Of human welfare and renown,
Trade's the big heart; bright empire, but their eye.

XX.

Whence Tartar grand, and Mogul great?——
Trade gilt their titles, power'd their ſtate;
While Afric's black, laſcivious, ſlothful breed,
To claſp their ruin, fly from toil,
That meaneſt product of their ſoil,
Their people, ſell; one half on t'other feed.

XXI.

Of nature's wealth from commerce rent,
Afric's a glaring monument:
Mid citron foreſts, and pomegranate groves,
(Curs'd in a paradiſe!) ſhe pines;
O'er gen'rous glebes, o'er golden mines,
Her beggar'd, famiſh'd, tradeleſs native roves.

XXII.

Not ſo thine, China, blooming wide!
Thy numerous fleet might bridge the tide;
Thy products would exhauſt both India's mines:

Shut

Shut be that gate of trade! or wo
To Britain's! Europe 'twill o'erflow.—
Ungrateful ſong! her growth * inſpires thy lines.

XXIII.

Britain! to theſe, and ſuch as theſe,
The river broad, and foaming ſeas,
Which ſever lands to mortals leſs renown'd,
Devoid of naval skill or might;
Thoſe ſever'd parts of earth unite:
Trade's the full pulſe that ſends their vigour round.

XXIV.

Could, O could one engroſſing hand
The various ſtreams of trade command!
That, like the ſun, would gazing nations awe;
That awful pow'r the world would brave,
Bold war, and empire proud, his ſlave;
Mankind his ſubjects, and his will their law.

XXV.

Haſt thou look'd round the ſpacious earth?
From commerce, grandeur's humble birth:
To GEORGE from Noah, empires living, dead.
Their pride, their ſhame, their riſe, their fall,
Time's whole plain chronicle, is all
One bright encomium, undeſign'd, on trade.

XXVI.

Trade ſprings from peace, and wealth from trade,
And pow'r from wealth; of pow'r is made
The god on earth: hail then the dove of peace!
Whoſe olive ſpeaks the raging flood
Of war repreſs'd; what's loſs of blood?
War is the death of commerce and increaſe.



* Coffee.

XXVII.

Then periſh war—deteſted war!
Shalt thou make gods? like Cæſar's ſtar?
What calls man fool ſo loud as this has done,
From Nimrod's down to Bourbon's line?
Why not adore too as divine,
Wide-waſting ſtorms before the genial ſun?

XXVIII.

Peace is the merchant's ſummer clear!
His harveſt! harveſt round the year!
For peace, with laurel ev'ry maſt be bound;
Each deck carouſe, each flag ſtream out,
Each cannon ſound, each ſailor ſhout;
For peace, let every ſacred ſhip be crown'd!

XXIX.

Sacred are ſhips, of birth divine!
An angel drew the firſt deſign;
With which the * patriarch nature's ruins brav'd:
Two worlds abroad, an old and new,
He ſafe o'er foaming billows flew:
The gods made human race, a pilot ſav'd.

XXX.

How ſacred too the merchant's name!——
When Britain blaz'd meridian fame †,
Bright ſhone the ſword, but brighter trade gave law:
Merchants in diſtant courts rever'd,
Where prouder ſtateſmen ne'er appear'd,
Merchants ambaſſadors! and thrones in awe!

XXXI.

'Tis theirs to know the tides, the times;
The march of ſtars, the births of climes;
Summer and winter theirs, theirs land and ſea;

Theirs

* Noah. † In Queen Elizabeth's reign.

Theirs are the ſeaſons, months and years;
And each a different garland wears:—
O that my ſong could add eternity!

XXXII.

Praiſe is the ſacred oil that feeds
The burning lamp of godlike deeds;
Immortal glory pays illuſtrious cares:
Whither, ye Britons! are ye bound?
O noble voyage, glorious round!
Launch from the Thames, and end among the ſtars.

XXXIII.

If to my ſubject roſe my ſoul,
Your fame ſhould laſt while oceans roll:
When other worlds in depths of time ſhall riſe,
As we the Greeks of mighty name,
May they Britannia's fleet proclaim,
Look up, and read her ſtory in the ſkies *.

XXXIV.

Ye Syrens, ſing! ye Tritons, blow!
Ye Nereids, dance! ye billows, flow!
Roll to my meaſures, O ye ſtarry throng!
Ye winds, in concert breathe around!
Ye navies, to the concert bound!
From pole to pole! to Britain all belong.

## MORAL.

I.

BRITAIN! thus bleſs'd, thy bleſſing know;
Or bliſs, in vain, the gods beſtow;
Its end fulfil, means cheriſh, ſource adore;



* It is Sir Iſaac Newton's opinion, that the principal conſtellations took their names from the Argonauts, to perpetuate that great action.

Vain ſwellings of thy ſoul repreſs;
They moſt may loſe who moſt poſſeſs;
Then let us bliſs awe, and tremble at thy ſtore.

II.

Nor be too fond of life at beſt;
Her chearful, not enamour'd, gueſt:
Let thought fly forward; 'twill gay proſpects give,
Proſpects immortal! that deride
A Tyrian wealth, a Perſian pride,
And make it perfect fortitude to live.

III.

O for eternity! a ſcene
To fair adventurers ſerene!
O, on that ſea to deal in pure renown!
Traffic with gods! what tranſports roll!
What boundleſs import to the ſoul!
The poor man's empire! and the ſubjects crown!

IV.

Adore the gods, and plough the ſeas:
Theſe be thy arts, O Britain! theſe.
Let others pant for an immenſe command;
Let others breathe war's fiery god:
The proudeſt victor fears thy nod,
Long as the trident fills thy glorious hand.

V.

Glorious, while heav'n-born freedom laſts;
Which Trade's ſoft ſpurious daughter blaſts:
For what is tyranny? A monſtrous birth
From luxury, by bribes careſs'd,
By glowing power in ſhades compreſs'd;
Which ſtalks around, and chains the groaning earth.

CLOSE.

## CLOSE.

I.

THEE, Trade! I firſt, who boaſt no ſtore,
Who owe thee nought, thus ſnatch from ſhore.
The ſhore of proſe, where thou haſt ſlumber'd long;
And ſend thy flag triumphant down
The tide of Time to ſure renown;
O bleſs my country! and thou pay'ſt my ſong.

II.

Thou art the Briton's nobleſt theme;
Why, then, unſung? my ſimple aim
To dreſs plain ſenſe, and fire the generous blood,
Not ſport imaginations vain;
But liſt with yon * etherial train
The ſhining muſe, to ſerve the public good.

III.

Of ancient art, and ancient praiſe,
The ſprings are open'd in my lays†:
Olympic heroes' ghoſts around me throng,
And think their glory ſung anew;
'Till chiefs of equal fame they view;
Nor grudge to Britons bold their Theban ſong.

IV.

Not Pindar's theme with mine compares;
As far ſurpaſs'd as uſeful cares
Tranſcend diverſion light, and glory vain:



* The ſtars.

†——Tibi res antiquæ laudis, et artis
Ingredior, ſanctos auſus recludere fontes;
Aſcræumque cano Romana per oppida carmen. VIRG.

The wreath fantaſtic, ſhouting throng,
And panting ſteed, to him belong,
The charioteer's, not empire's golden rein.

V.

Nor, Chandos! thou the muſe deſpiſe
That would to glowing Ætna riſe,
(Such Pindar's breaſt) thou Theron of our time!
Seldom to man the gods impart
A Pindar's head, or Theron's heart:
In life or ſong, how rare the true ſublime!

VI.

None Britiſh-born will ſure diſdain
This new, bold, moral, patriot ſtrain,
Tho' not with genius, with ſome virtue crown'd;
(How vain the muſe!) the lay may laſt,
Thus twin'd around the Britiſh maſt,
The Britiſh maſt with nobler laurels bound!

VII.

Weak ivy curls round naval oak,
And ſmiles at wind and ſtorms unbroke:
By ſtrength not hers ſublime: thus proud to ſoar,
To Britain's grandeur cleaves my ſtrain;
And lives and echoes thro' the plain,
While o'er the billows Britain's thunders roar.

VIII.

Be dumb, ye groveling ſons of verſe,
Who ſing not actions, but rehearſe,
And fool the muſe with impotent deſire;
Ye ſacrilegious! who preſume,
To tarniſh Britain's naval bloom,
Sing Britain's fame, with all her hero's fire.

CHO-

CHORUS.

Ye Syrens, ſing! ye Tritons, blow!
Ye Nereids, dance! ye billows, flow!
Roll to my meaſures, O ye ſtarry throng!
Ye winds in concert breathe around!
Ye navies, to the concert bound
From pole to pole! to Britain all belong;
Britain to heav'n; from heaven deſcends my ſong.

SOME

# SOME
# THOUGHTS
Occaſioned by the
# PRESENT JUNCTURE.

Inſcribed to the

DUKE of NEWCASTLE.

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## PRESENT JUNCTURE*.

Inſcribed to the

## DUKE of NEWCASTLE.

HOLLES! immortal in far more than fame!
Be thou illuſtrious in far more than pow'r.
Great things are ſmall, when greater riſe to view.
Tho' ſtation'd high, and preſs'd with public cares,
Diſdain not to peruſe my ſerious ſong:
Which, peradventure, may puſh by the world;
Of a few moments rob Britannia's weal;
And leave Europa's counſels leſs mature:
For thou art noble, and the theme is great.
Nor ſhall or Europe or Britannia blame
Thine abſent ear; but gain by the delay.
Long vers'd in ſenates and in cabinets,
State's intricate demands and high debates!

As

* The late rebellion in 1745.

As thou of uſe to thoſe, ſo this to thee:
And in a point that empire far outweighs,
That far outweighs all Europe's thrones in one,
Let greatneſs prove its title to be great.
'Tis pow'r's ſupreme prerogative, to ſtamp
On others minds an image of its own.
Bend the ſtrong influence of high place, to ſtem
The ſtreams, that ſweeps away the country's weal;
The Stygian ſtream, the torrent of our guilt.
Far as thou mayſt, give life to virtue's cauſe;
Let not the ties of perſonal regard
Betray the nation's truſts to feeble hands.
Let not fomented flames of private pique
Prey on the vitals of the public good.
Let not our ſtreets with blaſphemies reſound;
Nor lewdneſs whiſper where the laws can reach.
Let not beſt laws, the wiſdom of our ſires,
Turn ſatires on their ſunk degen'rate ſons,
The baſtards of their blood! and ſerve no point,
But, with more emphaſis, to call them fools.
Let not our rank enormities unhinge
Britannia's welfare from divine ſupport.
  Such deeds the miniſter, the prince, adorn;
No pow'r is ſhown but in ſuch deeds as theſe:
All, all, is impotence, but acting right;
And where's the ſtateſman but would ſhew his pow'r?
To prince and people thou of equal zeal!
Be it henceforward but thy ſecond care,
To grace thy country, and ſupport the throne;
Tho' this ſupported, that adorn'd, ſo well.
A throne ſuperior our firſt homage claims;
To Cæſar Cæsar our firſt tribute due:
A tribute which, unpaid, makes ſpecious wrong,

And

And ſplendid ſacrilege, of all beſide;
Illuſtrious follows; we muſt, firſt, be juſt;
And what ſo juſt, as awe for the SUPREME!
Leſs fear we rugged ruffians of the north,
Than Virtue's well-clad rebels nearer home;
Leſs Loyola's diſguis'd, all-aping ſons,
Than traitors lurking in our appetites;
Leſs all the legions Seine and Tagus ſend,
Than unrein'd paſſions ruſhing on our peace:
Yon ſavage mountaineers are tame, to theſe.
Againſt thoſe rioters, ſend forth the laws,
And break to Reaſon's yoke their wild careers.
PRUDENCE, for all things, points the proper hour,
Tho' ſome ſeem more importunate, and great.
Tho' Britain's gen'rous views and int'reſts ſpread
Beyond the narrow circle of her ſhores,
And their grand entries make on diſtant lands;
Though Critain's genius the wide wave beſtrides,
And, like a vaſt Coluſſus, tow'ring ſtands
With one foot planted on the continent;
Yet be not wholly wrapp'd in public cares.
Tho' ſuch high cares ſhould call, as call'd of late,
The cauſe of kings and emperors adjourn;
And EUROPE's little balance drop a while;
For greater, drop it: ponder, and adjuſt,
The rival int'reſts, and contending claims,
Of life and death, of now and of for ever;
Sublimeſt theme! and needful, as ſublime.
Thus great Eliza's oracles renown'd,
Thus Walſingham and Raleigh (Britain's boaſts!)
Thus every ſtateſman, thought, that ever—dy'd.
There's inſpiration in a ſable hour;
And Death's approach makes politicians wiſe.
When, thunderſtruck, that eagle Wolſey fell;

When

When royal favour, as an ebbing ſea,
Like a leviathan, his grandeur left,
His gaſping grandeur! naked on the ſtrand;
Naked of human, doubtful of divine,
Aſſiſtance; no more wallowing in his wealth;
Spouting proud foams of inſolence no more:
On what, then, ſmote his heart, uncardinal'd,
And ſunk beneath the level of a man?
On the grand article, the ſum of things!
The point of the firſt magnitude! that point,
Tubes, mounted in a court, but rarely reach.
Some painted cloud ſtill intercepts their ſight.
Firſt, right to judge; then chuſe; then perſevere,
Stedfaſt, as if a crown or miſtreſs call'd.——
Theſe, theſe are politics will ſtand the teſt,
When finer politics their maſters ſting:
And ſtateſmen fain would ſhrink to common men.
Theſe, theſe are politics will anſwer, now,
(When common men would fain to ſtateſmen ſwell;)
Beyond a Machiavel's or Tencin's ſcheme.
All ſafety reſts on honeſt counſels: theſe
Immortalize the ſtateſman, bleſs the ſtate,
Make the prince triumph, and the people ſmile;
In peace, rever'd; or terrible in arms,
Cloſe-leagu'd with an invincible ally:
Which honeſt counſels never fail to fix
In favour of an unabandon'd land;
A land—that ſtarts at ſuch a land as this.
A parliament, ſo principled, will ſink
All ancient ſchools of empire in diſgrace;
And Britain's glory, riſing from the dead,
Will fill the world, loud Fame's ſuperior ſong.
Britain!—that word pronounc'd, is an alarm:
It warms the blood, though frozen in our veins;

Awakes

Awakes the ſoul, and ſends her to the field,
Enamour'd of the glorious face of death.
Britain!—there's noble magic in the ſound.
O what illuſtrious images ariſe!
Embattled, round me, blaze the pomps of war!
By ſea, by land, at home, in foreign climes,
What full-blown laurels on our fathers' brows!
Ye radiant trophies! and imperial ſpoils!
Ye ſcenes!—aſtoniſhing to modern ſight!
Let me, at leaſt, enjoy you in a dream.
Why vaniſh! Stay, ye godlike ſtrangers! ſtay.
Strangers!—I wrong my countrymen. They wake;
High beats the pulſe; the noble pulſe of war
Beats to that ancient meaſure, that grand march,
Which then prevail'd, when Britain higheſt ſoar'd,
And ev'ry battle paid for heroes ſlain.
No more our great forefathers ſtain our cheeks
With bluſhes; their renown, our ſhame, no more.
In military garb, and ſudden arms,
Up ſtarts OLD Britain; croſiers are laid by;
Trade wields the ſword; and Agriculture leaves
Her half-turn'd furrow: other harveſts fire
A nobler avarice, avarice of renown!
And laurels are the growth of every field.
In diſtant courts is our commotion felt;
And, leſs like gods, ſit monarchs on their thrones.
What arm can want or ſinews or ſucceſs,
Which, lifted from an honeſt heart, deſcends
With all the weight of Britiſh wrath, to cleave
The Papal mitre, or the Gallic chain,
At every ſtroke, and ſave a ſinking land?
  Or death or victory muſt be reſolv'd;
To dream of mercy, O how tame! how mad!
Where, o'er black deeds, the crucifix diſplay'd,

Fools

Fools think heav'n purchas'd by the blood they ſhed;
By giving, not ſupporting, pains and death!
Nor ſimple death! where they the greateſt ſaints,
Who moſt ſubdue all tenderneſs of heart;
Students in torture! where, in zeal to him,
Whoſe darling title is The Prince of Peace,
The beſt turn ruthleſs butchers for our ſakes;
To ſave us in a world they recommend,
And yet forbear; themſelves with earth content;
What modeſty!—Such virtues Rome adorn!
And chiefly thoſe who Rome's firſt honours wear,
Whoſe name from Jeſus, and whoſe arts from hell.
And ſhall a pope-bred princeling crawl aſhore,
Replete with venom, guiltleſs of a ſting,
And whiſtle cut-throats, with thoſe ſwords that ſcrap'd
Their barren rocks for wretched ſuſtenance,
To cut his paſſage to the Britiſh throne?
One that has ſuck'd in malice with his milk,
Malice to Britain, Liberty, and Truth?
Leſs ſavage was his brother-robber's nurſe,
The howling nurſe of plund'ring Romulus;
Ere yet far worſe than Pagan harbour'd there.
Hail to the brave! Be Britain BRITAIN ſtill:
Britain! high-favour'd of indulgent Heaven!
Nature's anointed empreſs of the deep!
The nurſe of merchants, who can purchaſe crowns!
Supreme in commerce! that exuberant ſource
Of wealth, the nerve of war; of wealth, the blood,
The circling current in a nation's veins,
To ſet high bloom on the fair face of Peace!
This once ſo celebrated ſeat of power;
From which eſcap'd, the mighty Cæſar triumph'd!
Of Gallic lilies this eternal blaſt!

This

This terror of armadas ! this true bolt
Ethereal-temper'd, to repreſs the vain
Salmonean thunders from the papal chair !
This ſmall iſle, wide-realm'd monarchs eye with awe !
Which ſays, to theſe ambition's foaming waves,
" Thus far, nor farther !"—— Let her hold, in life,
Nought dear, diſjoin'd from freedom and renown ;
Renown, our anceſtors great legacy,
To be tranſmitted to their lateſt ſons.
By thoughts inglorious, and un-britiſh deeds,
Their cancell'd will is impiouſly profan'd :
Inhumanly diſturb'd their ſacred duſt.
Their ſacred duſt with recent laurels crown,
By your own valour won. This ſacred iſle,
Cut from the continent, that world of ſlaves ;
This temple built by Heav'n's peculiar care,
In a receſs from the contagious world,
With ocean pour'd around it for its guard,
And dedicated, long to Liberty,
That health, that ſtrength, that bloom, of civil life !
This temple of ſtill more divine ; of faith
Sifted from errors, purify'd by flames,
Like gold, to take anew Truth's heav'nly ſtamp,
And (riſing both in luſtre and in weight)
With her bleſs'd Maſter's unmaim'd image ſhine ;
Why ſhould ſhe longer droop ? Why longer act
As an accomplice with the plots of Rome ?
Why longer lend an edge to Bourbon's ſword ;
And give him leave, among his daſtard troops,
To muſter that ſtrong ſuccour, ALBION'S CRIMES ;
Send his ſelf-impotent ambition aid,
And crown the conqueſt of her fierceſt foes ?
Where are her foes moſt fatal ? Bluſhing Truth,
" In her friends vices,"—with a ſigh replies.

Empire,

Empire, on Virtue's rock unſhaken ſtands;
Flux, as the billows, when in vice diſſolv'd.
If Heav'n reclaims us by the ſcourge of war,
What thanks are due to Paris and Madrid?
Would they a revolution?—Aid their aim;
But be the revolution—in our hearts!
Wouldſt thou (whoſe hand is at the helm) the bark
The ſhaken bark of Britain, ſhould out-ride
The preſent blaſt, and ev'ry future ſtorm?
Give it that balaſt, which alone has weight
With HIM, whom wind, and waves, and war, obey.
Perſiſt. Are others ſubtle? thou be wiſe:
Above the Florentine's, court-ſcience raiſe;
Stand forth a patriot of the moral world;
The pattern, and the patron, of the juſt.
Thus ſtrengthens Britain's military ſtrength;
Give its own terror to the ſword ſhe draws.
Aſk you, "What mean I?"—The moſt obvious truth;
Armies and fleets alone ne'er won the day.
When our proud arms are once diſarm'd: diſarm'd
Of aid from HIM, by whom the mighty fall;
Of aid from HIM, by whom the feeble ſtand;
Who takes away the keeneſt edge of battle,
Or gives the ſword commiſſion to deſtroy;
Who blaſts, or bids the martial laurel bloom;——
Emaſculated, then, moſt manly might;
Or, though the might remains, it nought avails:
Then, wither'd weakneſs foils the ſinewy arm
Of man's meridian and high-hearted pow'r:
Our naval thunders, and our tented fields
With travell'd banners fanning ſouthern climes,
What do they? This; and more what can they do?
When heap'd the meaſure of a kingdom's crimes,
The prince moſt dauntleſs, the firſt plume of war,

By

By ſuch bold inroads into foreign lands,
Such elongation of our armaments,
But ſtretches out the guilty nation's neck;
While Heav'n commands her executioner,
Some leſs abandon'd nation, to diſcharge
Her full-ripe vengeance in a final blow;
And tell the world, "Not ſtrong is human ſtrength:
"And that the proudeſt empire holds of Heav'n."
O BRITAIN! often reſcu'd, often crown'd,
Beyond thy merit or moſt ſanguine hopes,
With all that's great in war, or ſweet in peace!
Know from what ſource thy ſignal bleſſings flow.
Though bleſs'd with ſpirits ardent in the field,
Though cover'd various oceans with thy fleets,
Though fenc'd with rocks, and moated by the main,
Thy truſt repoſe in a far ſtronger guard;
In HIM, who thee, though naked, could defend;
Though weak, could ſtrengthen; ruin'd, could reſtore.
How oft, to tell what arm defends thine iſle,
To guard her welfare, and yet check her pride,
Have the winds ſnatch'd the victory from war?
Or, rather, won the day, when war deſpair'd?
How oft has providential ſuccour aw'd,
Aw'd, while it bleſs'd us, conſcious of our guilt?
Struck dead all confidence in human aid,
And while we triumph'd, made us tremble too!
Well may we tremble now; what manners reign?
But wherefore aſk we, when a true reply
Would ſhock too much? Kind Heav'n, avert events,
Whoſe fatal nature might reply too plain!
Heav'n's half-bare'd arm of vengeance has been wav'd
In northern ſkies, and pointed to the ſouth.

Vengeance delay'd, but gathers, and ferments;
More formidably blackens in the wind;
Brews deeper draughts of unrelenting wrath,
And higher charges the ſuſpended ſtorm.
" That public vice portends a public fall"—
Is this conjecture of advent'rous thought?
Or pious coward's pulpit-cuſhion'd dream?
Far from it. This is certain; this is fate.
What ſays Experience, in her awful chair
Of ages, her authentic annals ſpread
Around her? What ſays Reaſon eagle-ey'd?
Nay, what ſays Common-ſenſe, with common Care
Weighing events, and cauſes, in her ſcale?
All give one verdict; one deciſion ſign;
And this the ſentence, Delphos could not mend:
" Whatever ſecondary props may riſe
" From politics, to build the public peace,
" The baſis is the manners of the land,
" When rotten theſe, the politician's wiles
" But ſtruggle with deſtruction; as a child
" With giants huge; or giants with a Jove.
" The ſtateſman's arts to conjure up a peace,
" Or military phantoms void of force,
" But ſcare away the vultures for an hour;
" The ſcent cadaverous (for oh! how rank
" The ſtench of profligates?) ſoon lures them back;
" On the proud flutter of a Gallic wing
" Soon they return; ſoon make their full deſcent;
" Soon glut their rage, and riot in our ruin;
" Their idols grac'd, and gorgeous with our ſpoils;
" Of univerſal empire ſure preſage!
" Till now repell'd by ſeas of Britiſh blood."
And whence the manners of the multitude?
The colour of their manners, black or fair,

Falls

Falls from above ; from the complexion falls
Of ſtate Othellos, or white men in power :
And from the greater height example falls,
Greater the weight, and deeper its impreſs
In ranks inferior, paſſive to the ſtroke :
From the court mint, of hearts the current coin.
The pulpit preſſes, but the pattern drives ;
What bonds then, bonds how manifold, and ſtrong,
To duty, double duty, are the great ?
And are there Samſons that can burſt them all ;
Yes ; and great minds that ſtand in need of none ;
Whoſe pulſe beats virtue, and whoſe gen'rous blood
Aids mental motives, to puſh on renown,
In emulation of their glorious ſires,
From whom rolls down the conſecrated ſtream.
Some few good ſeed in the glad people's hearts ;
Some curſed tares, like Satan in the text :
This makes a foe moſt fatal to the ſtate ;
A foe, who (like a wizard in his cell)
In his dark cabinet of crooked ſchemes,
Reſembling Cuma's gloomy grot, the forge
Of boaſted oracles, and real lies,
(Aided, perhaps, by ſecond-ſighted Scots,
French Magi, relics riding poſt from Rome,
A Gothic hero * riſing from the dead,
And changing for ſpruce plaid his dirty ſhroud,
With ſuccour ſuitable, from lower ſtill,)
A foe, who, theſe concurring to the charm,
Excites thoſe ſtorms that ſhall o'erturn the ſtate ;
Rend up her ancient honours by the root,
And lay the boaſt of ages, the rever'd
Of nations, the dear-bought with ſumleſs wealth

* The invader affects the character of Charles XII, of Sweden,

And blood illuſtrious, (ſpite of her La Hogues,
Her Creſſis, and her Blenheims), in the duſt.
How muſt this ſtrike a horror through the breaſt,
Thro' ev'ry gen'rous breaſt where honour reigns,
Thro' ev'ry breaſt where honour claims a ſhare?
Yes, and thro' ev'ry breaſt of honour void?
This thought might animate the dregs of men;
Ferment them into ſpirit; give them fire
To fight the cauſe, the black opprobrious cauſe,
Foul core of all! corruption at our hearts.
What wreck of empire has the ſtream of Time
Swept, with their vices, from the mountain height
Of grandeur deify'd by half mankind,
To dark Oblivion's melancholy lake,
Or flagrant Infamy's eternal brand!
Thoſe names, at which ſurrounding nations ſhook;
Thoſe names ador'd; a nuiſance! or, forgot!
Nor this the caprice of a doubtful dye;
But Nature's courſe; no ſingle chance againſt it.
For know, my Lord! 'tis writ in adamant:
'Tis fix'd, as is the baſis of the world,
Whoſe kingdoms ſtand, or fall, by the decree.
What ſaw theſe eyes, ſurpris'd?—Yet why ſurpris'd?—
For aid divine the criſis ſeem'd to call;
And how divine was the monition given?
As late I walk'd the night in troubled thought,
My peace diſturb'd by rumours from the North;
While thunder, o'er my head, portentous, roll'd,
As giving ſignal of ſome ſtrange event;
And Ocean groan'd beneath for her he lov'd,
Albion the fair! ſo long his empire's queen,
Whoſe rein is, now, conteſted by her foes;
On her white cliffs (a tablet broad and bright,
Strongly reflecting the pale lunar ray;)

By

By Fate's own iron pen I ſaw it writ,
And thus the title ran:

## The STATESMAN's CREED.

" Ye ſtates! and empires! nor of empires leaſt,
" Though leaſt in ſize, hear, Britain! thou whoſe lot,
" Whoſe final lot, is in the balance laid!
" Irreſolutely play the doubtful ſcales,
" Nor know'ſt thou which will win.—Know, then,
" from me,
" As govern'd well or ill, ſtates ſink or riſe:
" State-miniſters, as upright, or corrupt,
" Are balm, or poiſon, in a nation's veins;
" Health, or diſtemper; haſten, or retard,
" The period of her pride, her day of doom:
" And though, for reaſons obvious to the wiſe,
" Juſt Providence deals otherwiſe with men,
" Yet believe, Britons! nor too late believe,
" 'Tis fix'd! by Fate, irrevocably fix'd!
" VIRTUE AND VICE ARE EMPIRE'S LIFE AND DEATH."

Thus it is written.—Heard you not a groan?
Is BRITAIN on her deathbed?—No, that groan
Was utter'd by her foes.—But ſoon the ſcale,
If this divine monition is deſpis'd,
May turn againſt us. Read it, ye who rule!
With rev'rence, read; with ſtedfaſtneſs, believe;
With courage, act, as ſuch belief inſpires:
Then ſhall your glory ſtand like Fate's decree;
Then ſhall your name in adamant be writ,
In records that defy the tooth of Time;
By nations ſav'd, reſounding your applauſe.

While deep beyond your monument's proud baſe,
In black Oblivion's kennel, ſhall be trod,
Their execrable names, who, high in power,
And deep in guilt, moſt ominouſly ſhine,
(The meteors of the ſtate!) give vice her head,
To licenſe lewd let looſe the public rein;
Quench ev'ry ſpark of conſcience in the land,
And triumph in the profligate's applauſe:
Or who to the firſt bidder ſell their ſouls;
Their country ſell, ſell all their fathers bought
With funds exhauſted and exhauſted veins,
To dæmons by his Holineſs ordain'd
To propagate the goſpel ——penn'd at ROME;
Hawk'd through the world, by conſecrated bulls;
And how illuſtrated?——by Smithfield flames:
Who plunge (but not like Curtius,) down the gulf,
Down narrow-minded Self's voracious gulf,
Which gapes, and ſwallows all they ſwore to ſave;
Hate all, that lifted heroes into gods,
And hug the horrors of a victor's chain:
Of bodies politic that deſtin'd hell,
Inflicted here, ſince here their beings end;
That vengeance, ſoon or late ordain'd to fall,
And fall from foes deteſted and deſpis'd,
On diſbelievers——of the Stateſman's creed.
Note, here, my Lord! (unnoted yet it lies
By moſt, or all), theſe truths political
Serve more than public ends: this creed of ſtates
Seconds, and irreſiſtibly ſupports,
The Chriſtian creed. Are you ſurpris'd?—Attend,
And on the Stateſman's build a nobler name.
This punctual juſtice exercis'd on ſtates,
With which authentic chronicle abounds,
As all men know, and therefore muſt believe;

This

This vengeance pour'd on nations ripe in guilt,
Pour'd on them here, where only they exiſt,
What is it, but an argument of ſenſe,
Or rather demonſtration, to ſupport
Our feeble faith—" That they who ſtates compoſe,
" That men, who ſtand not bounded by the grave,
" Shall meet like meaſure at their proper hour?"
For God is equal; ſimilarly deals
With ſtates, and perſons; or he were not God;
With means, a rectitude immutable,
A pattern ſure of univerſal right.
What, then, ſhall reſcue an abandon'd man?
Nothing, it is reply'd. Reply'd, by whom?
Reply'd by politicians, well as prieſts:
Writ ſacred ſet aſide, mankind's own writ,
The whole world's annals! theſe pronounce his doom.
Thus (what might ſeem a daring paradox)
Ev'n politics advance divinity:
True maſters there, are better ſcholars here.
Who travel hiſtory, in queſt of ſchemes
To govern nations, or perhaps oppreſs,
May there ſtart truths that other aims inſpire;
And, like Candace's eunuch, as they read,
By providence turn Chriſtians on their road:
Digging for ſilver, they may ſtrike on gold;
May be ſurpris'd with better than they ſought,
And entertain an angel unawares.
Nor is divinity ungrateful found.
As politics advance divinity;
Thus, in return, divinity promotes
True politics, and crowns the ſtateſman's praiſe.
All wiſdoms are but branches of the chief,
And ſtateſmen ſound but ſhoots of honeſt men.
Are this world's witchcrafts pleaded, in excuſe

For deviations in our moral line?
This, and the next world, view'd with ſuch an eye
As ſuits a ſtateſman, ſuch as keeps in view
His own exalted ſcience, both conſpire
To recommend, and fix us in, the right.
If we regard the politics of Heaven,
The grand adminiſtration of the whole,
What's the next world? A ſupplement of this.
Without it, Juſtice is defective here;
Juſt as to ſtates, defective as to men:
If ſo, what is this world? (As ſure as right
Sits in Heav'n's throne), a prophet of the next.
Prize you the prophet? then believe him too;
His propheſy more precious than his ſmile.
How comes it then to paſs, with moſt on earth,
That this ſhould charm us, that ſhould diſcompoſe?
Long as the ſtateſman finds this caſe his own,
So long his politics are uncomplete;
In danger, he; nor is the nation ſafe,
But ſoon muſt rue his inauſpicious power.
What hence reſults? A truth that ſhould reſound
For ever awful in BRITANNIA's ear:
"Religion crowns the ſtateſman, and the man;
"Sole ſource of public, and of private peace."
This truth all men muſt own; and therefore will;
And praiſe, and preach it too:—and, when that's done,
Their compliment is paid, and 'tis forgot.
What highland pole-axe half ſo deep can wound?
But how dare I, ſo mean, preſume ſo far?
Aſſume my ſeat in the dictator's chair?
Pronounce, predict, (as if indeed inſpir'd,)
Promulge my cenſures, lay out all my throat,
Till hoarſe in clamour on enormous crimes?

Two mighty columns riſe in my ſupport;
In their more awful and authentic voice,
Record profane, and ſacred, drown the muſe,
Though loud; and far out-threat her threat'ning ſong.
Still farther Holles! ſuffer me to plead,
That I ſpeak freely, as I ſpeak to thee.
Guilt only ſtartles at the name of guilt;
And Truth, plain Truth, is welcome to the wiſe.
Thus, what ſeem'd my preſumption, is thy praiſe.
Praiſe, and immortal praiſe, is Virtue's claim;
And Virtue's ſphere is action: yet we grant
Some merit to the trumpet's loud alarm,
Whoſe clangor kindles cowards into men.
Nor ſhall the verſe, perhaps, be quite forgot,
Which talks of immortality; and bids,
In ev'ry Britiſh breaſt, true glory riſe,
As, now, the warbling lark awakes the morn.
To cloſe, my Lord! with that which all ſhould cloſe
And all begin, and ſtrike us ev'ry hour,
Tho' no war wak'd us, no black tempeſt frown'd:—
The morning riſes gay; yet gayeſt morn
Leſs glorious, after night's incumbent ſhades;
Leſs glorious far bright Nature, rich array'd
With golden robes, in all the pomp of noon;
Than the firſt feeble dawn of moral day:
Sole day, (let thoſe whom ſtateſmen ſerve attend,)
Though the ſun ripens diamonds for their crowns,
Sole day worth his regard, whom Heav'n ordains,
Undarken'd, to behold noon dark; and date,
From the ſun's death, and ev'ry planet's fall,
His all-illuſtrious and eternal year;
Where ſtateſmen, and their monarchs, (names of awe
And diſtance here!) ſhall rank with common men;
Yet own their glory never dawn'd before.

October 1745.

# AN

# EPISTLE

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

## GEORGE Lord LANSDOWNE.

MDCCXII.

———*Parnaſſia laurus*
*Parva ſub ingenti Matris ſe ſubjecit umbra.* VIRG.

AN

# EPISTLE

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

## GEORGE Lord LANSDOWNE.

WHEN Rome, my Lord, in her full glory ſhone,
And great Auguſtus rul'd the globe alone;
While ſuppliant kings, in all their pomp and ſtate,
Swarm'd in his courts, and throng'd his palace-gate
Horace did oft the mighty man detain,
And ſooth'd his breaſt with no ignoble ſtrain;
Now ſoar'd aloft, now ſtruck an humbler ſtring,
And taught the Roman genius how to ſing.
Pardon, if I his freedom dare purſue,
Who know no want of Cæſar, finding you:
The muſe's friend is pleas'd the muſe ſhould preſs
Thro' circling crowds, and labour for acceſs;
That partial to his darling he may prove,
And ſhining throngs for her approach remove,
To all the world induſtrious to proclaim
His love of arts, and boaſt the glorious flame.
Long has the weſtern world reclin'd her head,
Pour'd forth her ſorrow, and bewail'd her dead;

Fell

Fell diſcord through her borders fiercely rang'd,
And ſhook her nations, and her monarchs chang'd;
By land and ſea its utmoſt rage employ'd;
Nor heav'n repair'd, ſo faſt as men deſtroy'd.
In vain kind ſummers plenteous fields beſtow'd,
In vain the vintage liberally flow'd:
Alarms from loaden boards all pleaſure chac'd,
And robb'd the rich Burgundian grape of taſte;
The ſmiles of nature could no bleſſing bring,
The fruitful autumn, or the flow'ry ſpring;
Time was diſtinguiſh'd by the ſword and ſpear,
Not by the various aſpects of the year;
The trumpet's ſound proclaim'd a milder ſky,
And bloodſhed told us when the ſun was nigh.
But now (ſo ſoon is Britain's bleſſing ſeen,
When ſuch as you are near her glorious queen!)
Now Peace, tho' long repuls'd, arrives at laſt,
And bids us ſmile on all our labours paſt;
Bids ev'ry nation ceaſe her wonted moan,
And ev'ry monarch call his crown his own:
To valour gentler virtues now ſucceed;
No longer is the great man born to bleed:
Renown'd in council brave Argyll ſhall tell,
Wiſdom and proweſs in one breaſt may dwell:
Thro' milder tracts he ſoars to deathleſs fame,
And without trembling we reſound his name.
No more the riſing harveſt whets the ſword,
No longer waves uncertain of its lord;
Who caſt the ſeed the golden ſheaf ſhall claim,
Nor chance of battle change the maſter's name.
Each ſtream unſtain'd with blood more ſmoothly flows;
The brighter ſun a fuller day beſtows;
All nature ſeems to wear a cheerful face.
And thank great Anna for returning peace.

The

The patient thus, when on his bed of pain
No longer he invokes the gods in vain,
But riſes to new life; in ev'ry field
He finds Elyſium, rivers nectar yield;
Nothing ſo cheap and vulgar but can pleaſe,
And borrow beauties from his late diſeaſe.
Nor is it peace alone, but ſuch a peace
As more than bids the rage of battle ceaſe.
Death may determine war, and reſt ſucceed,
'Cauſe nought ſurvives on which our rage may feed;
In faithful friends we loſe our glorious foes,
And ſtrifes of love exalt our ſweet repoſe.
See graceful Bolingbroke your friend advance,
Nor miſs his Lanſdowne in the court of France;
So well receiv'd, ſo welcome, ſo at home,
(Bleſs'd change of fate!) in Bourbon's ſtately dome:
The monarch pleas'd, deſcending from his throne,
Will not that Anna call him all her own;
He claims a part; and looking round to find
Something might ſpeak the fulneſs of his mind,
A diamond ſhines, which oft had touch'd him near,
Renew'd his grief, and robb'd him of a tear;
Now firſt with joy beheld, well plac'd on one
Who makes him leſs regret his darling ſon;
So dear is Anna's miniſter, ſo great
Your glorious friend in his own private ſtate.
To make our nations longer two, in vain
Does nature interpoſe the raging main:
The Gallic ſhore to diſtant Britain grows,
For Lewis, Thames, the Seine for Anna flows:
From conflicts paſs'd each other's worth we find,
And thence in ſtricter friendſhip now are join'd;
Each wound receiv'd now pleads the cauſe of love,
And former injuries endearments prove.

What

What Briton but muſt prize th' illuſtrious ſword,
That cauſe of fear to Churchill could afford?
Who ſworn to Bourbon's ſceptre, but muſt frame
Vaſt thoughts of him that could brave Tallard tame?
Thus gen'rous hatred in affection ends,
And war, which rais'd the foes, completes the friends.
A thouſand happy conſequences flow,
(The dazzling proſpect makes my boſom glow.)
Commerce ſhall lift her ſwelling ſails, and roll
Her wealthy fleets ſecure from pole to pole.
The Britiſh merchant, who with care and pain
For many moons ſees only ſkies and main;
When now in view of his lov'd native ſhore,
The perils of the dreadful ocean o'er,
Cauſe to regret his wealth no more ſhall find,
Nor curſe the mercy of the ſea and wind;
By hardeſt fate condemn'd to ſerve a foe,
And give him ſtrength to ſtrike a deeper blow.
Sweet Philomela providently flies
To diſtant woods and ſtreams, for ſuch ſupplies,
To feed her young, and make them try the wing,
And with their tender notes attempt to ſing:
Mean while, the fowler ſpreads his ſecret ſnare,
And renders vain the tuneful mother's care.
Britannia's bold adventurer of late,
The foaming ocean plow'd with equal fate.
Goodneſs is greatneſs in its utmoſt height;
And pow'r a curſe, if not a friend to right:
To conquer is to make diſſenſion ceaſe,
That man may ſerve the KING of kings in peace.
Religion now ſhall all her rays diſpenſe,
And ſhine abroad in perfect excellence;
Elſe may we dread ſome greater curſe at hand,
To ſcourge a thoughtleſs and ungrateful land:

Now

Now war is weary, and retir'd to reſt;
The meagre famine, and the ſpotted peſt,
Deputed in her ſtead, may blaſt the day,
And ſweep the relics of the ſword away.
When peaceful Numa fill'd the Roman throne,
Jove in the fulneſs of his glory ſhone:
Wiſe Solomon, a ſtranger to the ſword,
Was born to raiſe a temple to the LORD.
Anne too ſhall build, and ev'ry ſacred pile
Speak peace eternal to Britannia's iſle.
Thoſe mighty ſouls, whom military care
Diverted from their only great affair,
Shall bend their full united force to bleſs
Th' Almighty Author of their late ſucceſs.
And what is all the world ſubdu'd, to this?
The grave ſets bounds to ſublunary bliſs.
But here are conqueſts to great Anna known,
Above the ſplendor of an earthly throne;
Conqueſts! whoſe triumph is too great, within
The ſcanty bounds of matter to begin;
Too glorious to ſhine forth, till it has run
Beyond this darkneſs of the ſtars and ſun,
And ſhall whole ages paſt be ſtill, ſtill but begun.
Heroic ſhades! whom war has ſwept away,
Look down, and ſmile on this auſpicious day;
Now boaſt your deaths, to thoſe your glory tell,
Who or at Agincourt, or Creſſy, fell;
Then deep into eternity retire,
Of greater things than peace or war inquire;
Fully content, and unconcern'd to know
What farther paſſes in the world below.
The braveſt of mankind ſhall now have leave
To die but once, nor piece-meal ſeek the grave:

On

On gain or pleaſure bent, we ſhall not meet
Sad melancholy numbers in each ſtreet,
(Owners of bones diſpers'd on Flandria's plain,
Or waſting in the bottom of the main)
To turn us back from joy, in tender fear
Leſt it an inſult of their woes appear,
And make us grudge ourſelves that wealth their blood
Perhaps preſerv'd, who ſtarve, or beg for food.
Devotion ſhall run pure, and diſengage
From that ſtrange fate of mixing peace with rage.
On Heav'n without a ſin we now may call,
And guiltleſs to our Maker proſtrate fall;
Be Chriſtians while we pray; nor in one breath
Aſk mercy for ourſelves, for others death.
But O! I view with tranſport arts reſtor'd,
Which double uſe to Britain ſhall afford;
Secure her glory purchas'd in the field,
And yet for future peace ſweet motives yield:
While we contemplate, on the painted wall,
The preſſing Briton, and the flying Gaul,
In ſuch bright images, ſuch living grace,
As leave great Raphael but the ſecond place:
Our cheeks ſhall glow, our heaving boſoms riſe,
And martial ardors ſparkle in our eyes;
Much we ſhall triumph in our battles paſt,
And yet conſent thoſe battles prove our laſt;
Leſt, while in arms for brighter fame we ſtrive,
We loſe the means to keep the fame alive.
In ſilent groves the birds delight to ſing,
Or near the margin of a ſecret ſpring:
Now all is calm, ſweet muſic ſhall improve,
Nor kindle rage, but be the nurſe of love.

But what's the warbling voice, the trembling ſtring,
Or breathing canvaſs, when the muſes ſing?
The muſe, my Lord, your care above the reſt,
With riſing joy dilates my partial breaſt.
The thunder of the battle ceas'd to roar,
Ere Greece her godlike poets taught to ſoar;
Rome's dreadful foe, great Hannibal, was dead,
And all her warlike neighbours round her bleed;
For Janus ſhut, her Io Pœans rung,
Before an Ovid or a Virgil ſung.
A thouſand various forms the muſe may wear,
(A thouſand various forms become the fair);
But ſhines in none with more majeſtic mien,
Than when in ſtate ſhe draws the purple ſcene;
Calls forth her monarchs, bids her heroes rage,
And mourning beauty melt the crowded ſtage;
Charms back paſt ages, gives to Britain's uſe
The nobleſt virtues time did e'er produce;
Leaves fam'd hiſtorians' boaſted art behind;
They keep the ſoul alone, and that's confin'd,
Sought out with pains, and but by proxy ſpeaks:
The hero's preſence deep impreſſion makes;
The ſcene his ſoul and body re-unite,
Furniſh a voice, produce him to the ſight;
Make our contemporary him that ſtood
High in renown, perhaps before the flood;
Make Neſtor to this age advice afford,
And Hector for our ſervice draw his ſword.
More glory to an author what can bring,
Whence nobler ſervice to his country ſpring,
Than from thoſe labours, which, in man's deſpight,
Poſſeſs him with a paſſion for the right?
With honeſt magic make the knave inclin'd
To pay devotion to the virtuous mind;

Thro'

Thro' all her toils and dangers bid him rove,
And with her wants and anguiſh fall in love?
Who hears the godlike Montezuma groan,
And does not wiſh the glorious pain his own?
Lend but your underſtanding, and their ſkill
Can domineer at pleaſure o'er your will:
Nor is the ſhort-liv'd conqueſt quickly paſt;
Shame, if not choice, will hold the convert faſt.
How often have I ſeen the gen'rous bowl
With pleaſing force unlock a ſecret ſoul,
And a ſteal a truth, which ev'ry ſober hour
(The proſe of life) had kept within her pow'r?
The grape victorious often has prevail'd,
When gold and beauty, racks and tortures, fail'd:
Yet when the ſpirit's tumult was allay'd,
She mourn'd, perhaps, the ſentiment betray'd;
But mourn'd too late, nor longer could deny,
And on her own confeſſion charge the lie.
Thus they, whom neither the prevailing love
Of goodneſs here, or mercy from above,
Or fear of future pains, or human laws,
Could render advocates in virtue's cauſe,
Caught by the ſcene, have unawares reſign'd
Their wonted diſpoſition of the mind:
By ſlow degrees prevails the pleaſing tale,
As circling glaſſes on our ſenſes ſteal;
Till throughly by the muſes banquet warm'd,
The paſſions toſſing, all the ſoul alarm'd,
They turn mere zealots, fluſh'd with glorious rage,
Riſe in their ſeats and ſcarce forbear the ſtage,
Aſſiſtance to wrong'd innocence to bring,
Or turn the poniard on ſome tyrant king,
How can they cool to villains? how ſubſide
To dregs of vice, from ſuch a godlike pride?

To ſpoiling orphans how to-day return,
Who wept laſt night to ſee Monimia mourn?
In this gay ſchool of virtue whom ſo fit
To govern and controul the world of wit,
As Talbot, Lanſdowne's friend, has Britain known?
Him poliſh'd Italy has call'd her own;
He in the lap of elegance was bred,
And trac'd the muſes to their fountain-head:
But much we hope, he will enjoy at home
What's nearer ancient than the modern Rome.
Nor fear I mention of the court of France,
When I the Britiſh genius would advance:
There too has Shrewſbury improv'd his taſte;
Yet ſtill we dare invite him to our feaſt.
For Corneille's ſake, I ſhall my thoughts ſuppreſs
Of Oroonoko, and preſume him leſs:
What tho' we wrong him? Iſabella's wo
Waters thoſe bays that ſhall for ever grow.
Our foes confeſs, nor we the praiſe refuſe,
The drama glories in the Britiſh muſe.
The French are delicate, and nicely lead
Of cloſe intrigue the labyrinthian thread:
Our genius more affects the grand than fine,
Our ſtrength can make the great plain action ſhine:
They raiſe a great cur'oſity indeed,
From his dark maze to ſee the hero freed;
We rouſe th' affections, and that hero ſhow
Gaſping beneath ſome formidable blow:
They ſigh; we weep: the Gallic doubt and care
We heighten into terror and deſpair;
Strike home, the ſtrongeſt paſſions boldly touch,
Nor fear our audience ſhould be pleas'd too much.
What's great in nature, we can greatly draw,
Nor thank for beauties the dramatic law.

The

The fate of Cæſar is a tale too plain
The fickle Gallic taſte to entertain;
Their art would have perplex'd, and interwove
The golden arras with gay flow'rs of love:
We know Heav'n made him a far greater man,
Than any Cæſar in a human plan;
And ſuch we draw him, nor are too refin'd,
To ſtand affected with what Heav'n deſign'd.
To claim attention and the heart invade,
Shakeſpear but wrote the play th' Almighty made:
Our neighbour's ſtage art too bare-fac'd betrays,
'Tis great Corneille at every ſcene we praiſe;
On Nature's ſurer aid Britannia calls,
None think of Shakeſpear till the curtain falls;
Then with a ſigh returns our audience home,
From Venice, Egypt, Perſia, Greece, or Rome.
France yields not to the glory of our lines,
But manly conduct of our ſtrong deſigns;
That oft they think more juſtly, we muſt own;
Not ancient Greece a truer ſenſe has ſhown:
Greece thought but juſtly, they think juſtly too;
We ſometimes err, by ſtriving more to do.
So well are Racine's meaneſt perſons taught,
But change a ſentiment, you make a fault:
Nor dare we charge them with the want of flame;
When we boaſt more, we own ourſelves to blame.
And yet in Shakeſpear ſomething ſtill I find,
That makes me leſs eſteem all human kind;
He made one nature, and another found,
Both in one page with maſter-ſtrokes abound;
His witches, fairies, and enchanted iſle,
Bid us no longer at our nurſes ſmile;
Of loſt hiſtorians we almoſt complain,
Nor think it the creation of his brain.

Who

Who lives when his Othello's in a trance?
With his great Talbot * too he conquer'd France.
Long may we hope brave Talbot's blood will run
In great deſcendents; Shakeſpear has but one:
And him, my Lord, permit me not to name,
But in kind ſilence ſpare his rival's ſhame:—
Yet I in vain that author would ſuppreſs;
What can't be greater, cannot be made leſs:
Each reader will defeat my fruitleſs aim,
And to himſelf great Agamemnon name.
Should Shakeſpear riſe, unbleſt with Talbot's ſmile,
Ev'n Shakeſpear's ſelf would curſe this barren iſle:
But if that reigning ſtar propitious ſhine,
And kindly mix his gentle rays with thine;
Ev'n I, by far the meaneſt of your age,
Shall not repent my paſſion for the ſtage.
Thus did the will almighty diſallow,
No human force could pluck the golden bough,
Which left the tree with eaſe at Jove's command,
And ſpar'd the labour of the weakeſt hand.
Auſpicious fate! that gives me leave to write
To you the muſe's glory and delight,
Who know to read, nor falſe encomiums raiſe,
And mortify an author with your praiſe.
Praiſe wounds a noble mind, when 'tis not due;
But Cenſure's ſelf will pleaſe, my Lord, from you.
Faults are our pride and gain, when you deſcend
To point them out, and teach us how to mend.
What tho' the great man ſet his coffers wide,
That cannot gratify the poet's pride;
Whoſe inſpiration, if 'tis truly good,
Is beſt rewarded when beſt underſtood.

The

* An anceſtor of the duke of Shrewſbury, who conquered France, drawn by Shakeſpear.

The muſes write for glory, not for gold,
'Tis far beneath their nature to be ſold:
The greateſt gain is ſcorn'd, but as it ſerves
To ſpeak a ſenſe of what the muſe deſerves;
The muſe, from which her Landſdowne fears no wrong,
Beſt judge, as well as ſubject, of her ſong.
Should this great theme allure me farther ſtill,
And I preſume to uſe your patience ill,
The world would plead my cauſe, and none but you
Will take diſguſt at what I now purſue.
Since what is mean my muſe can't raiſe, I'll chuſe
A theme that's able to exalt my muſe.
For who, not void of thought, can Granville name,
Without a ſpark of his immortal flame?
Whether we ſeek the patriot or the friend,
Let Bolingbroke, let Anna, recommend;
Whether we chuſe to love or to admire,
You melt the tender, and th' ambitious fire.
Such native graces without thought abound,
And ſuch familiar glories ſpread around,
As more incline the ſtander-by to raiſe
His value for himſelf, than you to praiſe.
Thus you befriend the moſt heroic way;
Bleſs all, on none an obligation lay;
So turn'd by Nature's hand for all that's well,
'Tis ſcarce a virtue when you moſt excel.
Tho' ſweet your preſence, graceful is your mien,
You to be happy want not to be ſeen;
Tho' priz'd in public, you can ſmile alone,
Nor court an approbation but your own:
In throngs, not conſcious of thoſe eyes that gaze
In wonder fix'd, tho' reſolute to pleaſe,
You, were all blind, would ſtill deſerve applauſe;
The world's your glory's witneſs, not its cauſe;

That

That lyes beyond the limits of the day,
Angels behold it, and their God obey.
You take delight in others excellence,
A gift which nature rarely does diſpenſe:
Of all that breathe, 'tis you perhaps alone
Would be well pleas'd to ſee yourſelf outdone.
You wiſh not thoſe, who ſhew your name reſpect,
So little worth, as might excuſe neglect;
Nor are in pain leſt merit you ſhould know;
Nor ſhun the well-deſerver as a foe;
A troubleſome acquaintance, that will claim
To be well us'd, or dye your cheek with ſhame.
You wiſh your country's good: that told, ſo well
Your pow'rs are known, th' event I need not tell.
When Neſtor ſpoke, none aſk'd if he prevail'd;
That god of ſweet perſuaſion never fail'd:
And ſuch great fame had Hector's valour wrought,
Who meant he conquer'd, only ſaid he fought.
When you, my Lord, to ſylvan ſcenes retreat,
(No crowds around for pleaſure, or for ſtate),
You are not caſt upon a ſtranger land,
And wander penſive o'er the barren ſtrand:
Nor are you by receiv'd example taught,
In toys to ſhun the diſcipline of thought:
But unconfin'd by bounds of time and place,
You chuſe companions from all human race;
Converſe with thoſe the deluge ſwept away,
Or thoſe whoſe midnight is Britannia's day.
Books not ſo much inform, as give conſent
To thoſe ideas your own thoughts preſent;
Your only gain, from turning volumes o'er,
Is finding cauſe to like yourſelf the more:
In Grecian ſages you are only taught
With more reſpect to value your own thought.

Great Tully grew immortal, while he drew
Thoſe precepts we behold alive in you:
Your life is ſo adjuſted to their ſchools,
It makes that hiſtory they meant for rules.
What joy, what pleaſing tranſport muſt ariſe
Within your breaſt, and lift you to the ſkies,
When in each learned page that you unfold,
You find ſome part of your own conduct told?
So pleas'd, and ſo ſurpris'd, Æneas ſtood,
And ſuch triumphant raptures fir'd his blood,
When far from Trojan ſhore the hero ſpy'd
His ſtory ſhining forth in all its pride;
Admir'd himſelf, and ſaw his actions ſtand,
The praiſe and wonder of a foreign land.
He knows not half his being, who's confin'd,
In converſe, and reflection on mankind:
Your ſoul, which underſtands her charter well,
Diſdains impriſon'd by thoſe skies to dwell;
Ranges eternity without the leave
Of death, nor waits the paſſage of the grave.
When pains eternal, and eternal bliſs,
When theſe high cares your weary thoughts diſmiſs,
In heav'nly numbers you your ſoul unbend,
And for your eaſe to deathleſs fame deſcend.
Ye kings! would ye true greatneſs underſtand?
Read Seneca grown rich in Granville's hand *.
Behold the glories of your life complete!
Still at a flow, and permanently great:
New moments ſhed new pleaſures as they fly,
And yet your greateſt is, that you muſt die.
Thus Anna ſaw, and rais'd you to the ſeat
Of honour, and confeſs'd her ſervant great;
Confeſs'd, not made him ſuch; for faithful fame
Her trumpet ſwell'd long ſince with Granville's name.
Tho'

* See his Lordſhip's tragedy, entitled, Heroic Love.

Tho' you in modeſty the title wear,
Your name ſhall be the title of your heir;
Farther than ermine make his glory known,
And caſt in ſhades the favour of a throne.
From thrones the beam of high diſtinction ſprings;
The ſoul's endowment from the KING of kings.
Lo, one great day calls forth ten mighty peers!
Produce ten Granvilles in five thouſand years.
Anna, be thou content to fix the fate
Of various kingdoms, and controul the great;
But O! to bid thy Granville brighter ſhine!
To him that great prerogative reſign,
Who the ſun's height can raiſe at pleaſure higher,
His lamp illumine, ſet his flames on fire.
Yet ſtill one bliſs, one glory, I forbear,
A darling friend whom near your heart you wear;
That lovely youth, my Lord, whom you muſt blame
That I grow thus familiar with your name.
He's friendly, open, in his conduct nice;
Nor ſerve theſe virtues to atone for vice:
Vice he has none, or ſuch as none wiſh leſs,
But friends indeed, good-nature in exceſs.
You cannot boaſt the merit of a choice,
In making him your own: 'twas Nature's voice,
Which call'd too loud by man to be withſtood,
Pleading a tie far nearer than by blood;
Similitude of manners, ſuch a mind,
As makes you leſs the wonder of mankind.
Such eaſe his common converſe recommends,
As he ne'er felt a paſſion, but his friend's;
Yet fix'd his principles, beyond the force
Of all beneath the ſun to bend his courſe *.

Thus

* His Lordſhip's nephew, who took orders.

Thus the tall cedar, beautiful and fair,
Flatters the motions of the wanton air;
Salutes each paſſing breeze with head reclin'd;
The pliant branches dance in ev'ry wind:
But fix'd the ſtem her upright ſtate maintains,
And all the fury of the north diſdains.
How are ye bleſs'd in ſuch a matchleſs friend!
Alas! with me the joys of friendſhip end.
O Harriſon! I muſt, I will complain;
Tears ſoothe the ſoul's diſtreſs, tho' ſhed in vain.
Didſt thou return, and bleſs thy native ſhore
With welcome peace, and is my friend no more!
Thy taſk was early done; and I muſt own
Death kind to thee, but ah! to thee alone.
But 'tis in me a vanity to mourn,
The ſorrows of the great thy tomb adorn;
Stafford and Bolingbroke the loſs perceive;
They grieve, and make thee envy'd in thy grave.
With aking heart, and a foreboding mind,
I night to day in painful journey join'd,
When firſt inform'd of his approaching fate;
But reach'd the partner of my ſoul too late:
'Twas paſt; his cheek was cold; that tuneful tongue,
Which Iſis charm'd with its melodious ſong,
Now languiſh'd, wanted ſtrength to ſpeak his pain,
Scarce rais'd a feeble groan, and ſunk again:
Each art of life, in which he bore a part,
Shot like an arrow thro' my bleeding heart.
To what ſerv'd all his promis'd wealth and power,
But more to load that moſt unhappy hour?
Yet ſtill prevail'd the greatneſs of his mind;
That not in health, or life itſelf, confin'd,
Felt thro' his mortal pangs Britannia's peace,
Mounted to joy, and ſmil'd in death's embrace.

His ſpirit now juſt ready to reſign,
No longer now his own, no longer mine;
He graſps my hand, his ſwimming eye-balls roll;
My hand he graſps, and enters in my ſoul,
Then with a groan—Support me,—O! beware
Of holding worth, however great, too dear‡!
Pardon, my Lord, the privilege of grief,
That in untimely freedom ſeeks relief:
To better fate your love I recommend;
O! may you never loſe ſo dear a friend!
May nothing interrupt your happy hours!
Enjoy the bleſſings Peace on Europe ſhow'rs:
Nor yet diſdain theſe bleſſings to adorn;
To make the muſe immortal you was born.
Sing: and in lateſt time, when ſtory's dark,
This period your ſurviving fame ſhall mark;
Save from the gulph of years this glorious age,
And thus illuſtrate their hiſtorian's page:
The crown of Spain in doubtful balance hung,
And Anna Britain ſway'd, when Granville ſung;
That noted year Europa ſheath'd her ſword,
When this great man was firſt ſaluted Lord.

‡ The author here bewails that moſt ingenious gentleman Mr William Harriſon, fellow of New-College, Oxon.

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